May 2, 1968 35¢

Draft Dodgers in Canada

THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I do not believe the greatest threat to our future is from bombs or guided missiles. I don't think our civilization will die that way. I think it will die when we no longer care. Arnold Toynbee has pointed out that 19 of 21 civilizations have died from within and not by conquest from without. There were no bands playing and flags waving when these civilizations decayed. It happened slowly, in the quiet and the dark when no one was aware."

—Laurence M. Gould
President Emeritus, Carleton College

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Could this happen to us? To our families? To our way of life? Could this happen to America the beautiful?
Well, look around. You can see signs of it this very moment in every major city in this country. You can see it in the slums, in the jobless, in the crime rate. In our polluted air, in our foul rivers and harbors and lakes. You can see it in our roads strangled with traffic.

You know the problems confronting our cities. Now we must all do something about it. While there is still time. Before our cities become unfit places in which to live.

Why are the life insurance companies so concerned?
Our business involves people. Our service is security for their future. Unless the problems of our cities can be solved, we are dismayed at the prospect of greater personal tragedy and at the economic consequences.

The alarm has already been sounded. By the President of the United States. By concerned people all over America. America's life insurance companies—so long a part of the American scene and quite probably of your own life—are adding their voices to a call for action. We hope that call can help persuade men of good will, as businessmen and as private individuals, to act and act now.

Concerted action *now* can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unmatched anywhere else in this world. Now it is up to all of us to see to it that these resources are put to constructive use.

What can business and industry do?
The job of rehabilitating our cities, of making them fit for all to live in, must rest primarily with government. But it's a job too big for government alone.

It's everybody's problem. Business, labor, private citizens. Negro and white alike.

So everyone is needed to solve it. Help is needed in building and improving housing, creating job-training centers, re-evaluating hiring practices, participating in community programs of health and education.

Here are some efforts already under way:

As a start, Detroit auto companies have hired some 30,000 ghetto residents.

As a start, Aerojet-General Corporation bought an abandoned plant in Watts, staffed it with 430 unskilled employees and secured a 2.5 million-dollar Defense Department contract.

As a start, United States Gypsum Company has rehabilitated 12 slum tenements (250 units) in Harlem and is now engaged in other projects in Chicago and Cleveland.

The Avco Economic Systems Corporation recently opened a printing plant in Roxbury, Massachusetts, with 69 employees. The operation marks the beginning of a training and permanent-employment program for an eventual 232 hard-core unemployed.

The Fairchild Hiller Corporation, working with the Model Inner City Community Organization, is establishing a wood products plant in Washington D.C. that will eventually be community-owned, with newly employed slum residents sharing in profits.

A group of life insurance companies has made a commitment to invest 1 billion dollars for housing and jobs in slum areas. More than one-third of this has already been earmarked for specific projects.

Many other businesses throughout the country are taking up this call to action. But it's only a beginning. To make a truly effective beginning all businesses and industries must help. For the cost will be huge.

What can the individual citizen do?
First, the private citizen must educate himself to the dimensions of the problem. By reading. By listening to what his own civic leaders have to say. By pondering what responsible broadcast and newspaper leadership recommends.

He can take a further step in joining citizens' organizations, working with local educational and planning boards, and lending his support to community efforts to lick the problem.

And there are things he can do personally.

As a start, interested groups are working in cooperation with local labor unions in helping young ghetto residents of Newark, Cleveland, Buffalo and Brooklyn to enter the building and construction trades. By recruiting, screening, counseling and tutoring, they have already helped 250 men from the Brooklyn area alone to gain union membership.

As a start, a former auto worker has formed a committee which will soon have Watts citizens farming some 30 acres for themselves for profit.

As a start, individuals, local businessmen, and corporations in St. Louis have contributed over $150,000 to a neighborhood organization to rehabilitate slum dwellings and make possible resident ownership.

It's up to all of us.
Our cities have now become one of the greatest challenges facing this country. We feel America has the means to face this challenge and win.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you, your business, religious, social, or civic organization can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

Institute of Life Insurance
277 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
On behalf of the Life Insurance Companies in America

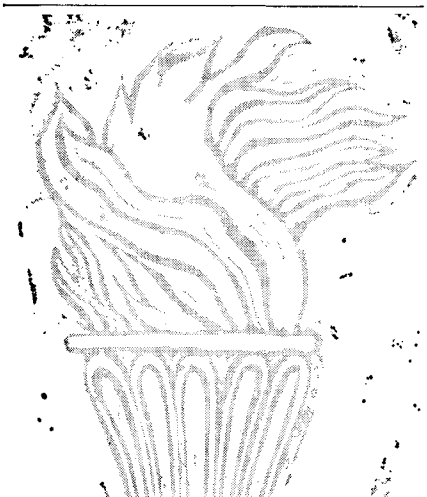
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are You A Slow Reader?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to increase your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, many people, regardless of their present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve their reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skills, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "How to Read Faster and Retain More" mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Reading, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 686-515, Chicago, Ill. 60614. A postcard will do.



AMERICA'S BUSINESS LEADERS

are showing the way to
a brighter future
by making corporate contributions
to private higher education

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE FUNDS OF AMERICA, INC.
7004 Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.

THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*

Executive Editor, George Bailey *Managing Editor,* Donald A. Allan
Senior Editor, Derek Morgan *Washington Editor,* Meg Greenfield
Art Director, Reg Massie *Literary Editor,* Nora Magid
Associate Editor, Kenneth Goodall *Copy Editor,* Elizabeth Stille
Writers: Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, Denis Warner, Martin Nolan
Staff: Elizabeth Parsons (*Asst. to the Editor*), Louisa Messolonghites (*Asst. to Editors*), Ruth Ames (*Librarian*), John A. Anderson, Jr., Lee Culpepper, Elizabeth N. Layne
General Manager, John J. Borghi
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley *Director of Promotion,* Shirley Katzander
Asst. Circ. Mgr., Natalie S. Garr *Production Manager,* Rudolph Ford
Controller, Anthony E. Lanza

Published by The Reporter Magazine Company, Nathan W. Levin, President

VOLUME 38, NO. 9 **MAY 2, 1968**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 6

From the Himalayas to the Mekong

REVOLUTIONARY REGIONALISM IN SOUTHEAST ASIA . . . . . *Robert Dickson Crane* 11

VIETNAM: HARD BATTLES STILL TO BE FOUGHT . . . . . *Denis Warner* 16

At Home & Abroad

DRAFT DODGERS IN CANADA . . . . . *Edmond Taylor* 20

THE MA-MA-MAOISTI CLOSE ITALIAN UNIVERSITIES . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 22

WEST BERLIN'S BLOODY EASTER . . . . . *James P. O'Donnell* 27

FEAR AND FORCE IN CHICAGO . . . . . *Jerry Lipson* 29

CARTOON . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 26

Views & Reviews

IF YOU LIVE IN A LANE . . . . . *Frank McCourt* 31

MESSIAEN ON RECORDS . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 33

LOST SHEEP OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 35

Books:

ANOTHER COUNTRY . . . . . *George H. T. Kimble* 36

NEITHER HAMLET, LAERTES, OPHELIA, NOR HORATIO (VERSE) . . *John Unterecker* 37

THE WHY OF WAUGH . . . . . *Sarel Eimerl* 38

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 39

THE REPORTER. May 2, 1968, Volume 38, No. 9. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021.

© 1968 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Subscription prices, United States and U.S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, Box 501, Des Moines, Iowa 50302.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

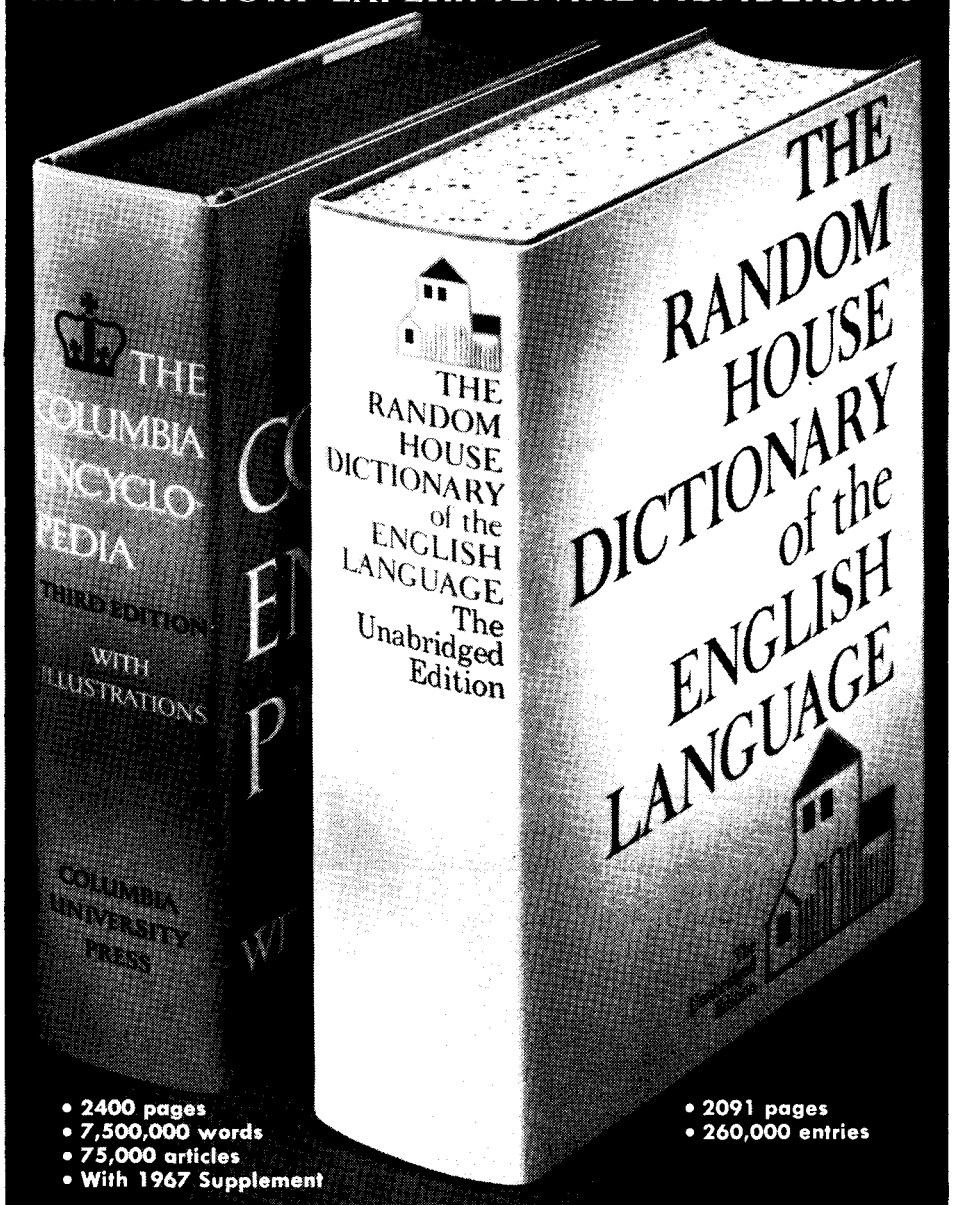
Editorial and Business Office: 660 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10021; Phone: TEmpleton 2-8800.
Washington Office: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006; (202) 298-8186.

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two examples of the unique Book-Dividend system of the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

TAKE EITHER OR BOTH

...IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP


THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA
THIRD EDITION
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE The Unabridged Edition
THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE

- 2400 pages
- 7,500,000 words
- 75,000 articles
- With 1967 Supplement

- 2091 pages
- 260,000 entries

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY

for only $5

[RETAIL PRICE $25]

* * * *

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

for only $9

RETAIL PRICE $49.50]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You agree to buy three Club choices (four, if you take both volumes) within twelve months at the special members' prices

THIS EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP will prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectual membership in a Book-of-the-Month Club is in building a comprehensive home library.

FIRST, you have **a wide choice among 200 important new books,** from some 200 Selections and Alternates offered Club members during the year.

SECOND, as a result, **you keep from missing the new books you are eager to read.** Whatever book you choose you have in your home, where it invites reading, instead of remaining only "a good intention."

THIRD, because of the Club's large editions, **the prices to members** for Selections and Alternates are on the average **20% less than retail prices.** Besides this immediate saving, you gain far greater savings from the Club's unique Book-Dividend plan.

That is, **if you continue after this experimental membership,** you will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every book you buy. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes—entitles you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes. Since its inauguration, **over $30,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Club members under this system.**

trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *and* BOOK-DIVIDEND *are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014 **A157-5-1**

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the work or works checked below, billing me at the price indicated. I agree to purchase at least three monthly Selections or Alternates (four, if I select both volumes) during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these books.

If I continue after this trial, I will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Selection or Alternate I buy under the system described at left. (A small charge is added to all shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books at *a special combined price.* Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

☐ **THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY—for $5**
☐ **THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA—for $9**
☐ **BOTH—THE DICTIONARY AND THE ENCYCLOPEDIA—for $14**

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address **8-31**

City & State ..... *Zone or Zip* .....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A close, hard look at

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

Nelson W. Polsby and Aaron B. Wildavsky

Bewildered by campaign tactics? Confused by political jargon? 1968 may well be the most important—and explosive—election year in recent history. In the months ahead, the new, revised edition of *Presidential Elections* can be your most valuable guide to understanding the strategies of the American electoral process, from convention maneuvers to the electoral college. Exceptionally lucid, "this book is . . . sophisticated and . . . intelligently argued."—*The American Political Science Review* (commenting on the first edition). $4.95

SCRIBNERS

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #189

■	W	■	S	P	L	I	T	W	I	T	H	■	G	■
U	R	G	E	■	A	P	R	O	N	■	E	B	O	N
■	A	L	P	■	T	S	A	R	S	■	L	E	I	■
S	T	E	A	M	■	E	N	D	■	S	P	I	N	Y
■	H	E	R	E	S	■	S	■	E	K	I	N	G	■
S	■	S	A	N	C	T	I	O	N	I	N	G	■	D
M	■	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	S	■	G	■	■	I
I	N	T	E	R	S	E	C	T	I	O	N	I	N	G
L	■	■	I	■	S	■	O	■	G	■	E	■	■	I
E	■	A	N	D	O	R	R	A	N	K	E	D	■	T
■	A	D	D	E	R	■	R	■	S	E	D	A	N	■
A	L	D	E	R	■	B	I	G	■	W	I	N	E	S
■	L	E	X	■	L	A	D	L	E	■	E	D	O	■
D	A	D	E	■	A	B	O	O	T	■	S	Y	N	E
■	Y	■	S	U	P	E	R	B	E	S	T	■	S	■

Acrostician—

NEIL SIMON

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IMMEDIATELY after the Second World War, the creation of the United Nations and in subsequent years the establishment of independent nations to replace colonial régimes set in motion two trends—internationalism and nation-building—which many people hoped would lead to peace and stability in the world. Neither of these expectations was proved even remotely correct. A number of the new states have been carved out following the same administrative boundaries of old colonial empires. Self-government was attributed to countries or would-be countries with not much of a self, or one so messy and contradictory as to require constant assistance from the outside world. **Robert Dickson Crane** talks only about two countries, India and Burma. The Indian and Burmese regions he describes have long been barred to newspapermen. However, one must not forget that the messiness to be found in these two countries is far from being unique. Racial conflict of the most cruel nature has been going on in Nigeria and the Sudan, to cite only two instances in Africa. Mr. Crane is an associate of the Georgetown University Center for Strategic Studies. . . . Evidence is mounting that, as in the months during the 1954 Geneva Conference, fighting will intensify in Vietnam, and **Denis Warner** provides a timely reminder that not only hard military battles lie ahead but also the hardest kind of struggle for political advantage. Against this background, he analyzes the shortcomings of several so-called peace formulas.

THE long, unguarded boundary between the United States and Canada has been crossed by a number of young people who want to escape the draft. Their number has been greatly exaggerated, as **Edmond Taylor** says. However, it cannot be denied that there is a fairly well-organized group tolerated by the Canadian government. . . . These days, students manage to get some notoriety in lieu of scholarly achievements. From Rome, **Claire Sterling** describes the anarchy that has ensued from the seizure of university buildings by students whose just grievances against an antiquated educational system have been transformed into a Mao-style attack on the whole society. . . . And from Berlin, **James P. O'Donnell,** who writes for *Newsweek*, supplies an account of student-led riots sparked by the shooting of the New Left leader Rudi Dutschke. . . . Our own riots at least have more explicit, though no more justifiable, origins. **Jerry Lipson,** a Chicago *Daily News* reporter, provides the background for the stiff anti-riot measures recently announced in that city by Mayor Richard Daley. . . . **Fernando Krahn** shows how these things were dealt with in days of yore.

Frank McCourt, a new writer, teaches in the English Department of the City University of New York, and is working on a novel about his boyhood experiences in Limerick, Ireland. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity*. . . . A past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism, **Gerald Weales** is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and is the author of a dozen books, including *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World). . . . **George H. T. Kimble,** the geographer, now lives in Corsica. Among his books are *Our American Weather* (McGraw-Hill hardcover; University of Indiana paperback), and *Tropical Africa*, available in abridged form in two volumes from Doubleday Anchor. . . . **John Unterecker** teaches at Columbia; he is the editor of *Yeats: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Prentice-Hall paperback) and the author of *A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats* (Noonday paperback) and *The Dreaming Zoo*, a Walck children's book. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a regular contributor.

Our cover is by **Bill Berry.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

DRAFT EVASION

To the Editor: In these days of mounting misinterpretation and confusion when one expects to find untruth or slanted or partial truth in almost every article, it is refreshing to read one so factual as that by Harriet Douty ("Drawing the Line on Draft Evasion," *The Reporter*, April 4). In the interests of public understanding and good responsive, representative government, all of us who are deeply involved in the problem of sensible administration thank you.

LEWIS B. HERSHEY
Lt. General, U.S.A.
Selective Service System
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Harriet Douty has researched well and recounted objective ly ". . . the effort to undermine Selective Service . . ."

CAPTAIN WILLIAM S. PASCOE, USN
Public Information Officer
Selective Service System
Washington, D.C.

'COEXISTENCE'

To the Editor: It is difficult to know how you expect your readers to respond to "The Other Side of Coexistence," by Albert L. Weeks (*The Reporter*, April 4). Are we supposed to be surprised that the Soviet Union, in response to American escalation of the Vietnam war, has expanded its military aid to Hanoi? Are we supposed to be bitter because the Russians have been able to wage the war by proxy, so that even though it is beginning to strain their budget no Soviet soldiers have had to fight? Are we supposed to gloat over the fact that the budget strain is threatening to halt the growth of their living standards?

Frankly, I had none of these reactions. What occurred to me was that the contrast in the Soviet and U.S. positions in Vietnam shows the superiority of Moscow's Southeast Asia policymakers. Unlike our own policy, which because of the weakness of the State Department was relinquished to the military, the Soviet decisions are still in the hands of the diplomats.

JOHN GERSHON
New York City

BRITAIN'S OVERSEAS CITIZENS

To the Editor: Noel Mostert's article "Slamming the Door on Kenya's Asians" (*The Reporter*, April 4) was informative and concise. Nevertheless, it seems to me he failed to state the simple major fact of Britain's decision to restrict immigration from Kenya: the country is near bankruptcy and just cannot afford to have more people pouring into an already overpopulated island with few natural resources.

It is all very well to make innuendos about racial discrimination. But that is really not what is at issue here. We in America have always been a heterogeneous society, and therefore have an implicit duty toward all our citizens of whatever race, creed, or color. Most European nations have been homogeneous for centuries and the average European citizen feels no responsibility toward people of any other race, colored or otherwise. The British may well have handled this situation badly and even dishonestly, but we are in no position to place upon them any onus of guilt for the future of peoples thousands of miles away from them and utterly different in background and heritage.

JOHN CLEMENT
Chicago

To the Editor: Noel Mostert has analyzed very well the appalling double deal the British government has given its citizens in Kenya. This must be a unique situation: that citizens of a country are barred from entering it.

C. L. FORD
Los Angeles

NEGOTIATIONS AND THE NLF

To the Editor: I have followed your series of editorials on Vietnam with interest and respect, even though I do not always agree with you. I am pleased to see that, with "Reverses in Vietnam" (*The Reporter*, April 4), you are apparently coming around to the view that the war must be settled short of military victory, or, as you put it, that we now wish only "avoidance of defeat."

Fine. But it seems to me that if a political rather than a military settlement is now our objective, we must face up to the certainty that the National Liberation Front will insist upon representation in a postwar government. This, you imply, would lead to a Communist takeover and thus must be unacceptable to us. While it is true that Eastern European coalitions with Communists were fatal, it is equally true that Communists or pro-Communists in the governments of India, Indonesia, and a number of African and Arab countries have not been able to seize total power.

In the case of Vietnam, it has been suggested that a continued U.S. presence in enclaves might provide a counterweight to the Vietcong Communists' backing in Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow. This may not be the answer, but neither is it realistic to enter negotiations determined that a coalition is not negotiable.

H. C. GOLDSMITH
New York

POLAND

To the Editor: Leopold Tyrmand ("The Poles Intervene in Purely Polish Affairs," *The Reporter*, April 4) writes approvingly of the March riots of Polish students: "Their greatest effects were both to involve the students in politics and alienate them from the government. . . . The academic milieu emerged as a strong, consciously forged social segment. . . . The riots shaped a new awareness of young people between fifteen and thirty." Why is it that riots have such salutary effects when they occur in Communist countries but are to be totally condemned when they occur in America? Isn't it a question of whose status quo is being endangered?

LEO LEIGH
Detroit

FICTION

To the Editor: Geoffrey Dutton's "The Wedge-Tailed Eagle" (*The Reporter*, April 4) was superb. The sense of challenge, the feeling for flight, the overt action and the underlying allegory—all were handled with the sure touch of the poet.

Mr. Dutton's story is among the best I have read in *The Reporter*—which is as much as to say that it is among the best I have read in modern publications.

PETER JONES
San Francisco

LEFT AND RIGHT HANDS

To the Editor: Do you chaps read your own stuff? I note that on page 4 of the April 4 issue, your "Who-What-Why" writer spoke of the "folly" of those who expect the Soviet Union to "damp the flames" of local wars, especially in the case of Vietnam. On page 10, however, we find Mr. Ascoli urging Lyndon Johnson to "talk firmly to Moscow, and cut the power of Hanoi down to size." Apropos of folly, I suppose, I may be forgiven if I suggest that as far as your left hand and right hand are concerned, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

GEOFFREY GATES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Debate

As we go to press, word is just out that Senator McCarthy has invited Senator Kennedy to debate the issues in Indiana. Senator Kennedy and his spokesmen have replied that they must insist on the broadest possible participation in the debate, so that it will include at the very least Vice President Hubert Humphrey (who is not running in Indiana) and Governor Roger D. Branigin (who is running as a favorite son). There is also some contention over a suitable format for the show. We have had a previsions of how it might all come out, and we offer it to you—fully aware that 1968 has not been a good year for previsions.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 00—New snags arose last night in the troubled effort to reach agreement on procedures for Monday night's television debate. As spokesmen for all sides exchanged fresh charges of obstructionism and "bad faith," gloomy network officials conceded the possibility that the scheduled debate might have to be canceled. Some expressed bitterness and surprise over the latest outbreak of trouble, since it was generally believed that objections and demands from all camps had been met in the negotiations over participation in the debate, which is now scheduled to include Senators Robert F. Kennedy and Eugene J. McCarthy, Governors Roger D. Branigin and Nelson A. Rockefeller, Vice President Hubert Humphrey, Richard M. Nixon, and Ho Chi Minh.

"It is damned ironic," said one network official, who asked not to be identified, "that this should happen just when we had got agreement on a moderator." The moderator, Milton Cross, who had been approved by all sides only yesterday afternoon, could not be reached for comment. His name was introduced as a last-minute compromise after Governor Rockefeller had balked at Senator Kennedy's suggestion of W. Averell Harriman, and after Mr. Nixon and Ho Chi Minh had both rejected Senator McCarthy's candidate for the job, U Thant.

The latest trouble concerns the role played in the briefing of Senator Kennedy by his new speechwriter, Richard N. Goodwin. Senator McCarthy, whose own flip cards are reportedly being prepared by the distinguished poet Denise Levertov, is known to have raised questions about the propriety of Senator Kennedy's making use of Mr. Goodwin, and yesterday he was joined by Vice President Humphrey in seeking a ruling from the FCC on the matter. Their complaint charges that Mr. Goodwin will present Senator Kennedy with an unfair advantage in recalling and attacking statements made by the administration and by Senator McCarthy, since he wrote so many of those statements himself.

Sources close to Senator Kennedy's thinking described him as "furious" over this and related charges that all seven FCC commissioners had been telephoned by someone in his name, been offered an immediate holiday trip to the island of Aruba, and been told "We'll remember that" when they declined, pleading the press of prior business. At a news conference called at two this afternoon, Senator Kennedy's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, pointed out that the FCC members could not have gone to Aruba at the present time in any event, since they are still deliberating on Governor Harold Stassen's demand that he be included in the debate. "The version of the story that has appeared in the press is inaccurate and misleading," Mr. Salinger said "—basically." He refused to confirm or deny a rumor that Senator Kennedy has suggested to the other participants that the matter be taken out of the hands of the FCC and resolved by an impartial three-member commission to be appointed by the President and to include himself, Mr. Goodwin, and Senator Edward M. Kennedy.

The most optimistic appraisals available tonight were that the debate might possibly be held only two or three days after the election had passed, if all sides would cooperate in settling the dispute. However, it was learned that further trouble might arise when six of the participants file their planned protest against the citizens' committee which has bought up all the time for commercial messages on the debate and allocated it to Robert S. McNamara. One version of the former Defense Secretary's "commercial" circulating in Indianapolis reads: "I met Robert Kennedy for the first time in my initial meeting with President Kennedy. The fact that he participated in that meeting was typical of the way the President used his brother . . . . You may recall that the Soviet Union in August and September of 1961, by blockading the air and ground corridors to Berlin, sought to deny us access to that city . . . . The President, acting on the recommendations that his brother helped formulate, adopted a policy of firmness. The result? The Soviets withdrew their air and ground blockade, and they canceled their effort to impose a treaty by force on West Germany."

Most observers here doubt the authenticity of the "statement," pointing out that it reads too much like an ordinary testimonial and is probably the work of some wag. Mr. McNamara and Senator Kennedy have both declined to comment on it.

Mealy Maothings

"Some days ago, Martin Luther King, the Afro-American clergyman, was suddenly assassinated by the U.S. imperialists. Martin Luther King was an exponent of non-violence. Nevertheless, the U.S. imperialists did not

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

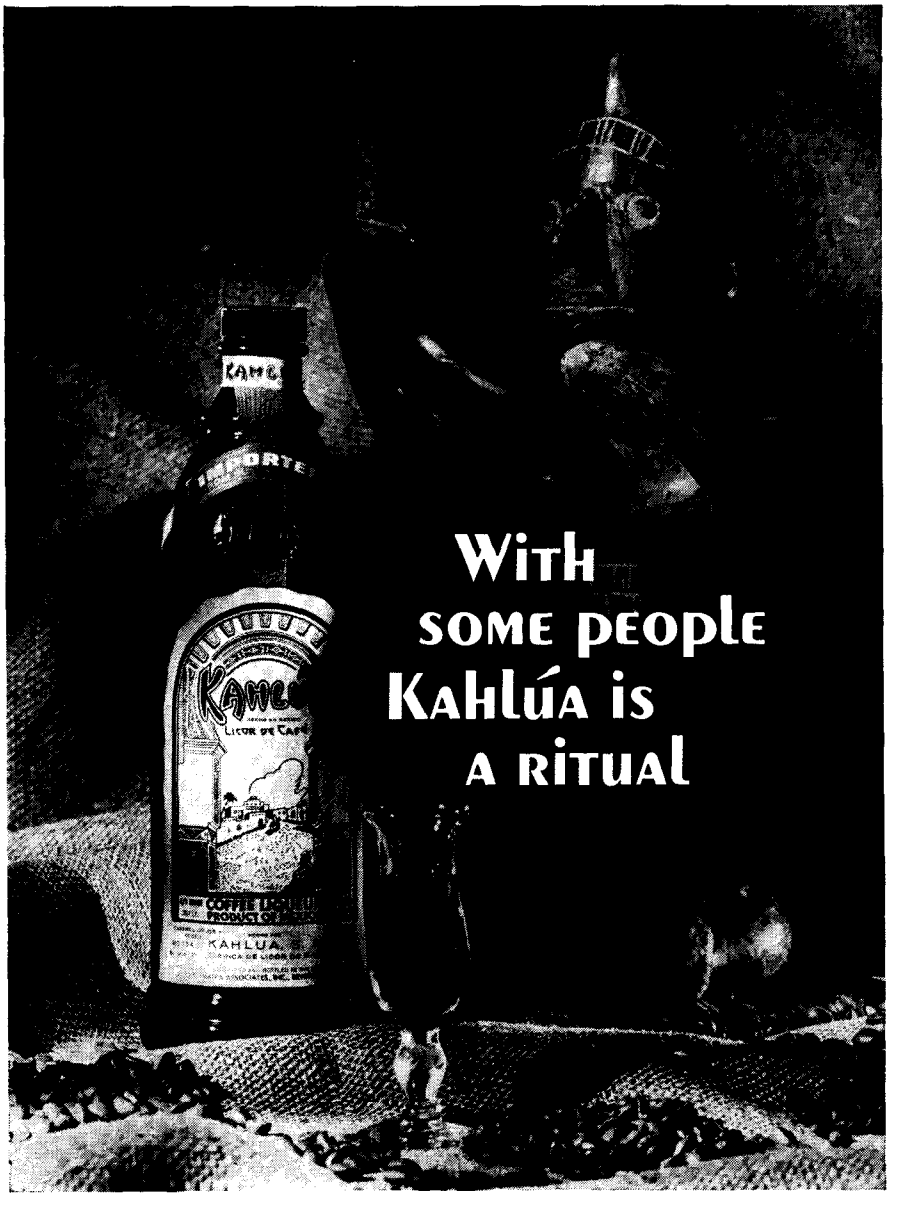
on that account show any tolerance toward him, but used counterrevolutionary violence and killed him in cold blood." Thus Chairman Mao Tse-tung's expression of condolence began—turning into a lengthy and not very startling diatribe against colonialism, imperialism, the "reactionary rule of the U.S. monopoly capitalist class," and so forth.

It was the expression of sorrow that interested us most. It struck us as being somewhat less than what Western Union calls "heartfelt." We repaired to our own collection of the sayings of Chairman Mao and found what we had dimly recollected and were looking for, the text of an official statement put out last July 13 on the plight of American Negroes: "They have become aware more clearly of the need to repudiate the 'non-violence' doctrine preached by Negro 'leaders' who are in the pay of the U.S. ruling circles . . . . the Johnson administration is resorting in a big way to the soft tactics of deception, bribery, and sowing discord . . . and helping such 'Negro leaders' as Martin Luther King to strengthen their control of the Negro movement in an attempt to undermine and wreck it."

Alliance For What?

The current negotiations for a U.S. loan to Bolivia provide the latest revelation of the schizoid character of the U.S. aid program. At the policy level, the program favors assistance to those underdeveloped countries which demonstrate a willingness to make necessary but painful economic and social reforms, which are on our side, and which give some indication that they can make productive use of the resources put at their disposal. At the operational level, on the other hand, the program is governed by a banker's mentality which favors stability, conservatism, and collateral. Rarely can a suppliant nation meet both sets of requirements; and in any well-organized bureaucracy, it is the operational level that ultimately rules.

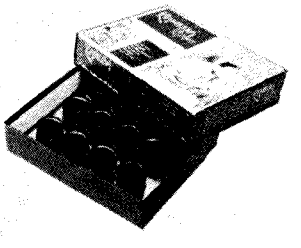
From the point of view of official policy, Bolivia is a rare, prime candidate for U.S. assistance. It is unquestionably underdeveloped: the standard of living of its predominantly Indian population is one



Devoted as they are to orthodoxy, they drink it straight; in a cordial glass; after dinner. There's definitely something bewitching about the brew. Many, charmed by the versatility of this captivating coffee liqueur, are compelled to exult in such devilish concoctions as the Black Russian, Brave Bull, Kahlúa Sour. Still others swirl it into dazzling desserts. Consider the sorcery of this magical mixture from Old Mexico. And while you're at it, consider the source, because what the Mexicans don't know about coffee liqueur doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

Send for Kahlúa's fascinating formulary of drinks, desserts and savories. Yours for the asking.

KAHLÚA 53 Proof



Another enjoyable ritual... a toast with Kahlúa Kups.
Made of the finest chocolate. FILL WITH KAHLÚA, DRINK, EAT THE CUP! (You can fill your cup and eat it, too). Box of 12 cups with foil servers—$1.50; 3 Boxes—$4.00; Shipped postpaid. Sorry, no C.O.D. Jules Berman & Associates, Inc. 116 N. Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048.

Jules Berman & Associates, Inc., 116 North Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spanish Press 1470-1966

Print, Power, and Politics

HENRY F. SCHULTE

The full story of the Spanish periodical press — from its beginnings in 1470 to the "moment of truth" reached under Franco's controversial Press and Print Law of 1966 — told by a former UPI news bureau chief and correspondent in Madrid. "For those concerned to know how a 'free' press can exist in a nation alternately torn for the past four centuries between impassioned license and dour repression." — Benjamin Welles, *The New York Times* Washington Bureau. 280 pages. $6.95.

Community Colleges

A President's View

THOMAS E. O'CONNELL

In this candid, hardhitting, and often irreverent book, the president of Massachusetts' Berkshire Community College takes a searching look at the rapid growth, present state, and future role of the "new" community college in meeting what Walter Lippmann has called "the gigantic work of adjusting our way of life to the scientific revolution of this age and to the stupendous growth of the population." 172 pages. $5.50.

The Art of William Carlos Williams

A Discovery and Possession of America

JAMES GUIMOND

Here is the first full-scale developmental study of the poetry and prose of William Carlos Williams. Mr. Guimond not only analyzes changes and stages in Williams' techniques and themes from his *Poems* of 1909 through his works of the late 1950's, but explores the creative process that made Williams unique among the great poets of his generation. 272 pages. $6.95.

Crisis in Car Insurance

ROBERT E. KEETON,
JEFFREY O'CONNELL,
JOHN H. McCORD, Editors

Leading representatives from the insurance industry, from the plaintiff's and defense bars, from federal and state government, from the academe, and from consumer groups debate the pros and cons of present methods for handling automobile claims, and evaluate much-needed proposals for change, including the controversial Keeton-O'Connell Basic Protection plan. 330 pages. $6.95.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS URBANA, ILLINOIS 61801

of the lowest in this hemisphere. It has made the basic reforms that only two or three other Latin American nations have been willing to make. It is staunchly anti-Castro. And it has shown itself capable of achieving a remarkable degree of success with its development program. The increase in per capita income of more than three per cent last year was the fourth highest in Latin America, and was achieved in spite of adverse developments in the world tin market and the need to concentrate on putting down the Che Guevara guerrillas. Most remarkable of all, it was attained without the inflation which has tended to wipe out the gains of economic progress in Bolivia in the past, and which still does so among most of its neighbors.

A successful development program must generate pressure which, if not released in one direction, will find an exit somewhere else. In Bolivia, the pressure that did not generate inflation was released through an import surplus that depleted dollar reserves and led to the current application for a dollar loan. There should be nothing that could make us happier; if all our friends had such a problem, the gold drain would be a thing of the past. But the banker's mentality that prevails at the operational level in Washington is unable to approach loan applications from the point of view of national policy and objectives. From a banker's point of view, a nation that runs out of foreign-exchange reserves has been a spendthrift, and a spendthrift is not a good credit risk.

The Bolivian negotiators are being asked to provide an assurance of fiscal austerity that will produce a surplus sufficient to guarantee repayment of the loan. This makes good banker's sense, but it makes no economic sense at all. It is as if a farmer applied for a loan to mechanize his farm, and the banker agreed on condition that the farmer promise to purchase no seed, no fertilizer, and no fuel for the new mechanical equipment until the loan was repaid. A banker is conditioned to look to assets, which are tangible and subject to lien, rather than to prospects. But assets are the embodiment of the past, and Bolivia's past

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is precisely what we hope not to perpetuate. Its prospects depend upon its government's being able to continue the programs that have produced the present deficit. Until we can find loan officers who understand such situations, the Alliance for Progress will continue to seem more like an alliance for the status quo.

The Mote and the Beam

The Christian Peace Conference, organized by the Czechoslovakian churches in 1958 as an ecumenical effort for peace in Eastern Europe, held its third major assembly in Prague throughout the first week in April.

The motto of the conference was "Save man—peace is possible!" But after a week of talks, peace seemed more remote than ever. In fact, the meeting of seven hundred churchmen from all over the world, with a large proportion coming from the Eastern Orthodox groups, might have served as a laboratory demonstration of the diversity of obstacles to peace.

Above all, Prague gave evidence that it is easy enough to condemn the other fellow's war but extremely hard to let go of your own. The American war in Vietnam was widely denounced as an "imperialist war of aggression," while any sort of violence in Latin America or the ex-colonial countries that could be called a war of liberation won majority approval.

"My impression of this conference is not good," said Masahisa Suzuki, moderator of Japan's United Church of Christ. "It is good to have contact with Christians from all parts of the world. But I am disappointed that there is criticism of America—and this is all right—but there is not the same criticism of what the countries of the East are doing."

A resolution, quietly proposed by the Czech theologian Josef Smolik, may begin to change that. He called for a study of the abuses of power by the countries of East, West, North, and South. A majority, including the Russians, voted for the idea.

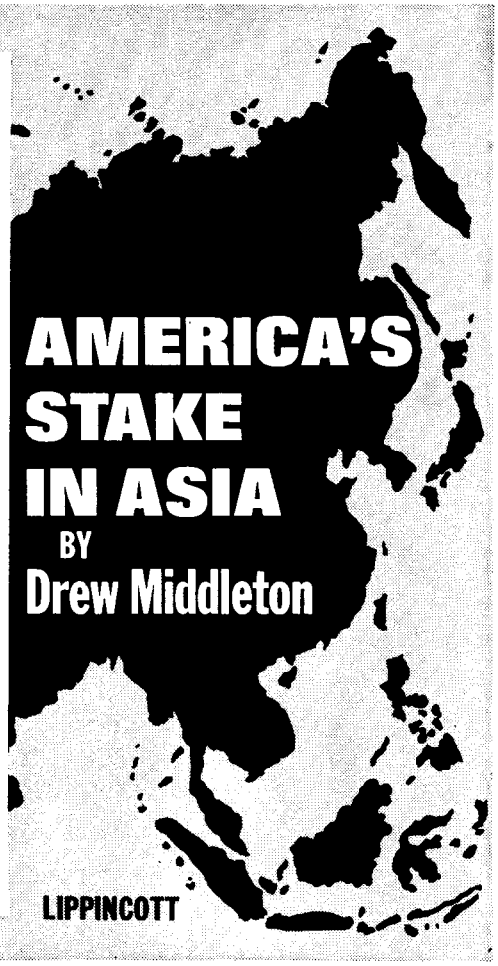
The Christian Peace Conference may yet talk about the causes of war.

The Chief Correspondent at the United Nations for The New York Times returns from Asia to give his views on the most critical dilemma of our time

"I visited thirteen countries and the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. As the journey progressed I began to realize that the situation in these countries and the comments of their people differed sharply from what I had been led to expect. . . . To show what Americans are doing in Asia, what the Asians themselves are doing, and to give some picture of the problems that plague the continent are the purposes of this book. The opinions, of course, are my own."

—DREW MIDDLETON in the Introduction.

$5.95 at your bookstore.



AMERICA'S STAKE IN ASIA
BY
Drew Middleton

LIPPINCOTT

Want to get the feel of Europe?

Take the wheel of a Citroën.

Order your Citroen now for delivery upon arrival. Place your order through Citroen Cars Corporation or through your nearest Citroen Dealer. Either way your car is delivered to you directly from the Factory. It's your assurance of getting the most reliable European Delivery plan, and the biggest Factory-direct, tax-free savings. For complete information, write for our free European Delivery brochure

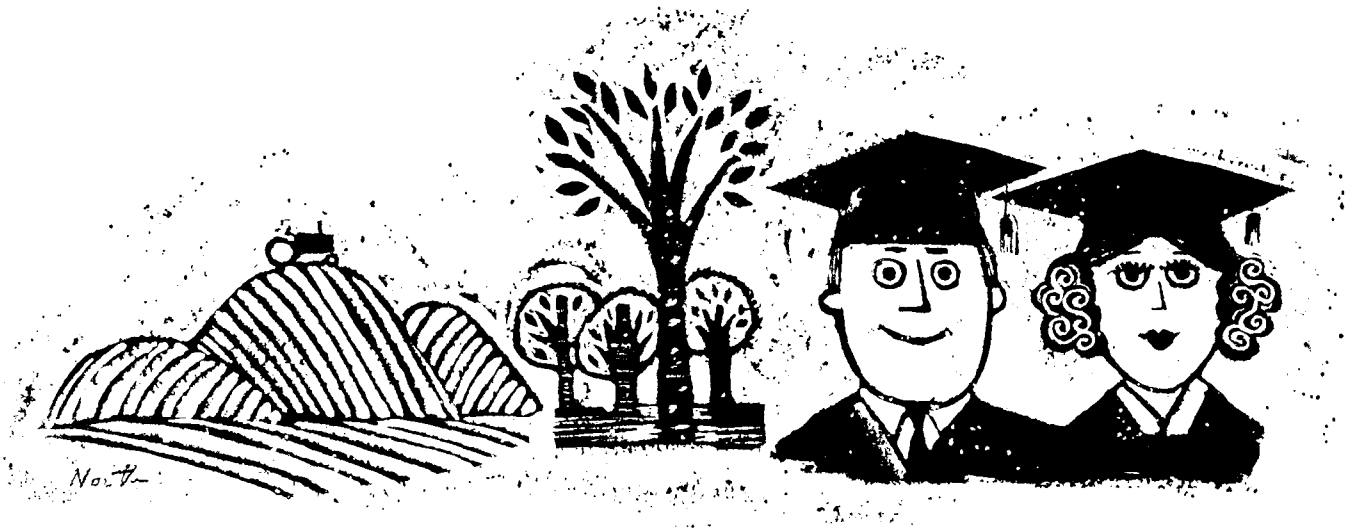
Citroen Cars Corporation Dept. R-5
East: 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
West: 8423 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90211

Please send me free brochures on Factory-direct European Delivery of Citroen cars.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Corporate Conservation of College Resources



Never harvest without replanting. That's sound thinking for the farmer and for the forester. And it makes sense for America's businessmen, too. That's why they "invest" annually in the nation's private colleges represented by the state and regional associations.

Successful businessmen know that 89% of the current crop of key business executives attended college. Of this college-trained group, 62% attended independent (non-tax-supported) colleges and universities. That's why company owners, directors and officers are making a sound business decision when they vote corporate funds as contributions to private higher education.

Selecting specific private colleges for business donations can involve precious hours of executive time and talent. Thousands of industrial organizations, from corporate giants to the small businessman, contribute through the broadest-based and most efficient method — the state associations of independent colleges.

The state group method involves 39 associations of colleges from Maine to California, from Florida to Washington State. They channel voluntary contributions to their more than 500 member institutions. You may give through one or all, and your gift will be handled as you direct or distributed according to a formula agreed upon by the participating colleges.

Among the hundreds of institutions participating in this cooperative endeavor are some of the oldest and finest in the nation — St. John's College (1696), Washington and Lee University (1749), Dartmouth College (1769) and Union College (1785). For further information on this effective and businesslike method of aiding your company, your community and your country — write the Independent College Funds of America, 7004 Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001.

ICFA

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE FUNDS OF AMERICA, INC.

7004 EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

REPRESENTING THE 39 ASSOCIATIONS OF COLLEGES AND THEIR MORE THAN 500 PRIVATE INSTITUTIONS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolutionary Regionalism In Southeast Asia

ROBERT DICKSON CRANE

A REVOLUTION has been building slowly on the western flank of Southeast Asia. For years guerrilla warfare has been waged throughout much of a region extending almost a thousand miles along the Chinese border from Thailand and Laos north across Burma and Assam in India to the Himalayan frontier of Tibet. During the past year, however, the nature of the challenge to the Burmese and Indian governments by such ethnic groups as the Nagas, Shans, Karens, Kachins, and Chins has begun to change substantially. Previously unco-ordinated resistance movements born of local grievances and ethnic separatism are steadily developing into a politically conscious regionwide revolt aimed at a reconstellation of power.

The Communist Chinese have been quick to note this shift and have responded by aiding some of the many rebel groups and by calling for people's war throughout the region. In Burma, where thousands of guerrillas are being forged into small armies fighting the government, there is a distinct possibility of a civil war. The official organ of the régime of General Ne Win, the *Working People's Daily*, conceded that "The guerrilla campaign of the Communist rebels has sharply increased to the level of 1950," a time when every town except Rangoon, the capital, had fallen into rebel hands.

But while Communists have exploited the unrest in Burma and elsewhere, they are not the leading element among the rebels. The impetus of the resistance movements has been the ancient, deep-seated force of nationalism. In Southeast Asia, there is a newly developing regional consciousness in conflict with the nation-building efforts of the young postcolonialist régimes. And by proxy, the efforts of these régimes to centralize power within the existing states is also involving major powers of the East and West.

General Ne Win has characterized his diverse opponents as Chinese-supported Communists—which is an only partly accurate description—in order to win support from both the United States and the Soviet Union. Last December, Peter Boog, the first Burmese correspondent allowed to leave the country since 1963, wrote in a dispatch from London that Burma's new budget estimates called for an increase of almost four hundred per cent over last year's in foreign loans and grants, much of it expected to come from a new enlarged military-aid agreement with the United States. Boog reported that in November "U.S. Air Force jets brought Burma highly sophisticated, Vietnam-tried weapons, specially designed for anti-guerrilla action in border tribal regions." The Soviets reportedly are also responding to urgent requests for aid from Rangoon.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union are aiding India in various ways, while China and Pakistan, which has received backing from Peking, are supporting rebel groups in Assam. There, in a northeast sector of India almost completely cut off from the rest of the nation and off limits to correspondents, Communist Chinese emissaries have approached the leaders of local independence movements, just as they did a few months prior to the Chinese invasion of Himalayan India in 1962, and have offered both military aid and political recognition.

All the Southeast Asian countries are composed of several groups with different ethnic, linguistic, or religious character, and with one dominant group governing the others. This situation came about when European colonialism arbitrarily redrew the political map of the region. It has been perpetuated in the postcolonialist period by native governments that inherited the old colonial boundaries.

The reduction of European power in Southeast Asia has promoted a resurgence of indigenous forces that threatens to undo the colonial handiwork and therefore to run counter to the nation-building policies of the postcolonial states. The first generation of independent native leaders like Nehru of India and U Nu of Burma believed that the first steps in nation-building were the "unification" of the peoples in their new countries and the rapid modernization of their economies. Thus they were attempting to master two revolutions simultaneously, and inevitably they sought increased centralized power, often at the expense of justice, which in turn provoked intellectual rebellion and demands for independence among the non-governing groups.

Northeast India

Rebellion understandably occurs where the dominant cultural group has tried to assimilate subordinate groups that rival it in population or in culture and internal political structure. In Greater Assam, where only one person in twenty speaks

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hindi as a native language, India's dominant Hindus are increasingly challenged by the dynamic, newly educated Nagas.

The Nagas gained lasting fame among British officers during the Second World War when their strong sense of identity and skill in guerrilla warfare proved to be decisive in halting the Japanese advance. After the war, the Nagas, with the help of Christian missionaries, established an educational system so effective that the literacy rate rose from ten per cent in 1945 to the present seventy-five to eighty per cent.

This community of just over half a million people has defeated a twelve-year counterinsurgency operation of the Indian Army, which usually outnumbered the Naga fighters by almost twenty to one. In its futile attempt to break the will of the Nagas, the Indian Army caused the death of a fifth of the population by shooting, hanging, and burning while hardly a word was printed anywhere in the world. Some eighty thousand Indian troops are now stationed in Nagaland, where fighting has continued sporadically despite a truce reached in 1964. Possibly merely to divert Indian forces from the Kashmir area, Pakistan has armed substantial numbers of Naga independence fighters with modern weapons and trained them in their use.

The Hindus are also being challenged in Assam by the Ahoms, a Tai people, and by the Sino-Tibetan Mizos. For centuries prior to the British conquest in the mid-1800's, the Ahoms maintained a highly cultured and well-administered Tai kingdom in almost all of present-day Assam. Last July a new political party, the Asom Rijyik Mahasabha, was formed to demand restoration of Assam's pre-colonial independence. Young Ahoms are now training in clandestine Naga military schools and in time may have a great potential to achieve this goal. The Mizos have been waging guerrilla war against Indian troops since 1966. The Mizo National Front's 2,500 guerrillas have received arms and training from Pakistan and reportedly have collaborated with the Nagas.

Unlike in the rest of Southeast Asia, where native Communist armed forces are everywhere a part of the anti-government spectrum, in Assam and Nagaland and the Indian North-East Frontier Agency there is no local organized Communist political or military force. Assam is one of only two of India's sixteen states that until recently did not have a single Communist Party of India representative in its state legislative assembly; and, according to the president of the Naga National Council, Angami Zapu Phizo, and to all the Nagas I talked to when I visited the Assam-Naga border area, Nagaland has no native Communists at all.

The Communist threat, however, is latent. Everywhere in Gauhati, the largest city of Assam, I saw posters calling for independence of one kind or another. The most professional of these, which were plastered even on official buildings, called for an independent hill people's state to be carved out of Assam, as was Nagaland itself in 1963 just prior to the truce. These posters were signed by the Communist Party of India, which last October came out in favor of revolution for the area. But the real Communist influence comes from China.

Members of the Naga underground told me that the Communist Chinese had established an advisory mission in the headquarters of the northernmost Naga brigade. When the Indian Army, in violation of the truce, attempted to surround and destroy this unit last year, the brigade leaders dispatched the first of what were to be several task forces to China for modern arms and training. By last fall, a subsequently established Chinese military mission at brigade headquarters had served as a political center for the dispatch of at least two Chinese agents to other Naga centers.

Burma

Even more violent rebellions are taking place in Burma, where the various subordinate cultural groups native to the region jointly surpass the dominant Burmans in population and where the major minority group, the Tai-related Shans, clearly rival them in culture and internal structure. The Shans centered in the east, the related Karens in the south, and the Tibeto-Burman Kachins in the north number about ten million. This is more than the population of the pure Burmese linguistic group.

Until very recently, many observers claimed that the Shans were disunited, discouraged, and politically quiescent. Events show, however, that the excesses of Ne Win's centralizing policies have galvanized the Shans into a relatively unified force and spurred them toward independence.

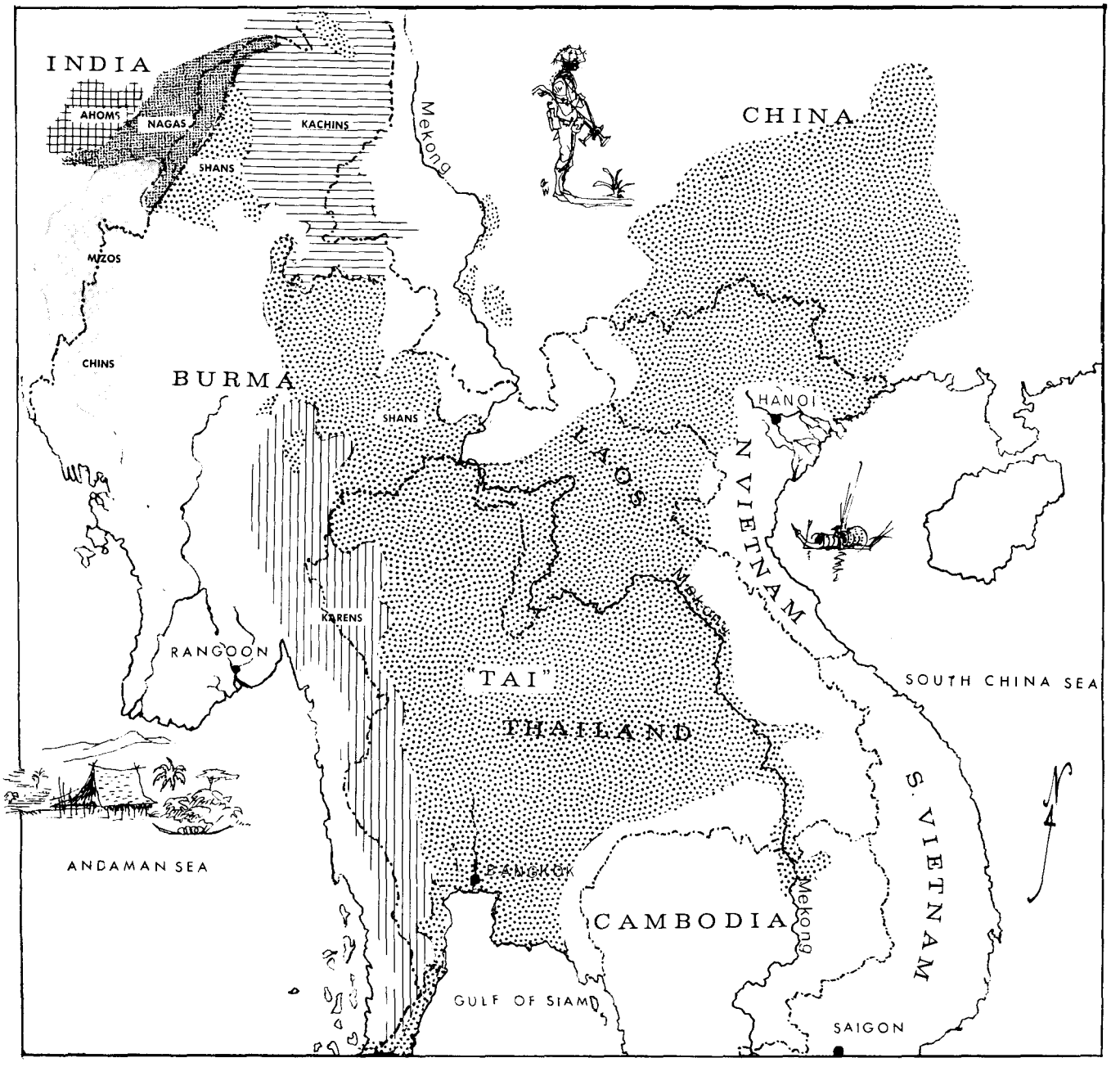
Burma's last millennium was marked by constant rivalry between the Burmans and the Tais (or Shans), and during most of this period the Tai influence was as widespread in Burma as that of the Burmans. In 1947, after the British rulers announced their intention to leave Burma, Shan leaders decided to form a union with Burma rather than set up an independent state. In return they demanded equality with the Burmans and the right, later written in a modified fashion into the Burma constitution, to secede at the end of ten years. It soon became clear that the real policy of the Burmans was not co-operation among equal partners but the centralization of power and the progressive Burmanization of the entire population.

The seeds of the present revolution among the Shan were planted

THE PEOPLES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA

The dominant ethnic-cultural group in Burma is the Burmans themselves. The purely Burmese speakers number at least eight million and live for the most part in the central plains and the Irrawaddy Delta. Chairman Ne Win's Revolutionary Council is composed of Burmans. About ten million people now in revolt against his régime include a large number of communities, more or less related to each other ethnically and culturally, who live mainly in the mountainous periphery but also in the delta. These groups spill over the borders into China, Thailand, and Laos. Some of them also have close links with rebellious groups in India's Greater Assam, where the aggregate of minority peoples is far greater than that of India's dominant Hindi speakers.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AHOMS
A separatist movement has started among the three million Ahoms in Assam. A Tai people, they once ruled almost all of Assam.

MIZOS
The Mizo National Front has about 2,500 guerrillas opposing Indian rule. Some 220,000 Mizos, closely related to the Chins of Burma, live mainly in the Lushai Hills of Assam.

CHINS
The Sino-Tibetan Chins number about a million in western Burma. Strong Baptists, they are in revolt against Burman-Buddhist domination.

NAGAS
More than half a million Nagas live in Nagaland, an Indian state carved out of Assam in 1963, and in neighboring areas. An upland people of Sino-Tibetan origin, they have been in open rebellion against New Delhi's rule for twelve years. Some 300,000 Nagas also live in Burma.

SHANS
The three million Shans in eastern Burma are a Tai people with a long history of regional leadership. The Shan State Army now claims to have more than ten thousand troops to oppose the Ne Win régime.

KACHINS
Two million Kachins, a Sino-Tibetan people related culturally to the Shans, live in Burma's northernmost hills and spill over into China. The Kachin Independence Army is being strengthened, probably with guerrillas from China.

KARENS
The 2.5 million Karens are variously considered Tais or Sino-Tibetans. They live in the Irrawaddy Delta and the mountains bordering Thailand. A ten-thousand-man Karen Army is moving toward co-ordination with Shan forces.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not by the first postwar generation of Shan leaders whose original hopes for equality within Burma had been frustrated, but by the new government's process of modernization. Young Shan university students were aroused to demand reforms by their introduction to the political and economic challenges of the modern world. At the same time, the concentrated exposure to the outside world involved in acquiring a university education impressed on these students not only the shortcomings of their traditional way of life but also its uniqueness and enduring values. The result, beginning in 1955, was a strong Shan cultural revival. The students held cultural seminars throughout the Shan States, revived Shan theatre and drama, and distributed the results of their thinking and research in pamphlets, magazines, and books for popular consumption.

THE SHIFT from cultural revival to rebellion began at different times in different regions of Burma. The Karen area of Burma's southern panhandle has been in constant revolt since British officers promised the Karens an independent state after the defeat of the Japanese. The conditions for rebellion in the Shan area were not created until 1954, when the Burmese Army began to hunt down the thousands of Chiang Kai-shek's troops who had taken refuge in the Shan area after their defeat by the Red Chinese Army. Atrocities committed by Burman soldiers against Shan villagers were interpreted as deliberate acts of war against the Shan people. When this was followed by the use of the Burmese Army to suppress the Shan cultural movement, some Shan leaders in 1958 decided to enlist the aid of Saw Yan Da, a Chinese-educated anti-Communist expert on guerrilla warfare from the large Tai community in Yunnan Province, China. They asked him to prepare a guerrilla base deep in Shan territory near the Thailand border. University and high-school students flocked to join Saw Yan Da's Young Warriors, and in 1959 the people rose up throughout the Shan State. The suppression of this uprising marked the beginning of Shan rebellion as a permanent force in Burma.

The third major group of so-called rebels in Burma is the Kachin Independence Army (KIA). The Kachins have the distinction of holding out against British attempts at subjugation until 1935, generations after the rest of Burma had surrendered. Their revolt against centralized rule from Rangoon started again in 1942 and has continued sporadically ever since. The Kachins are the only minority group in Burma with a history of close association with Communist Chinese guerrilla forces. During the insurrectionary period in 1949-1950, the guerrilla-warfare center in Kunming, China, trained cadres for a Free Kachin Army, and in 1956 this was reactivated as the Chinese-dominated Kachin Liberation Army. One of the Kachin founders of this force, Naw Saing, has since been appointed a full colonel in the Chinese Army. Last January he reportedly led a force of a thousand well-trained tribal guerrillas from China into the Kachin area of Burma in an attempt to join forces with the non-Communist KIA, which is now reportedly building again to its 1964 strength of up to 16,000, including 10,000 militiamen.

The last major ethnic group to shift over to open rebellion was the Chins in western Burma. The Sino-Tibetan Chins had been staunch supporters of the central government, and as late as 1958 Chin troops were moved into the capital to ensure the success of Ne Win's first assumption of power. The straw that broke the back of Chin loyalty was the passage of the State Religion Act in late 1961 designed to ensure the pre-eminence of Buddhism, and specifically of the Burman Buddhist primate. This stirred resentment among the Shan Buddhists; but among the strongly Christian Chin, according to one competent observer, "it created a very real panic."

This provocative act, one of Burma's explicit nation-building schemes, persuaded the Chins to deal with the other dissident ethnic groups and to send delegates to the Federalist Seminars sponsored by the Shans in Rangoon in March, 1962. In reaction to these developments, which threatened to break up the union, General Ne Win deposed Prime Minister U Nu, abolished the constitution, including its guarantee of the right of Shan and Karen secession, and imposed a military dictatorship. Within hours all the non-Burman communal groups were in open rebellion.

As a result, Ne Win's régime faces a wider assortment of rebel forces than any other government in the world, though the diversity of forces arrayed against him in the past had been his greatest strength. For years almost all observers of Burma agreed that the guerrillas, if united among themselves and allied with Ne Win's opponents among the Burmans, could easily bring down the régime. Fortunately for Ne Win, there has been neither union nor alliance among his often parochial-minded opponents. But the day when he could ignore or even welcome the proliferation of opposition forces is drawing to a close.

CO-ORDINATION of the many guerrillas arrayed against the Burmese government has increased substantially during the past year, though much of this co-ordination is of the kind that becomes real only when tested in battle.

The once-fragmented Shan forces have been welded together into the Shan State Army, which claims to have more than ten thousand troops. Prior to its expansion following my visit to the Burma-Thailand border area last October, the army had five brigades and several independent battalions. The Second Brigade of two thousand men commands the area of the old Burma Road in the northern portion of the Shan State. As of last fall it was led by Bo Mong, a former military police officer who survived Ne Win's repression in 1959. The Third Brigade, of one thousand men, operates in the eastern portion. The Fifth Brigade is made up of two thousand ethnic Chinese in the Kokang district. There is also a recently activated brigade of Wa tribesmen (a minority living in the northeast), and some brigades were recently upgraded from the status of independent battalions.

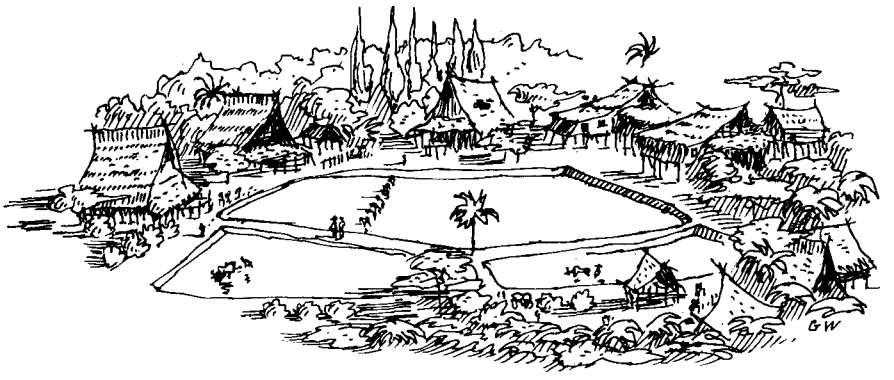
The Karen forces, which since the late 1940's have been split over whether to co-operate with the Burmese-speaking White Flag Communists, are now uniting under the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umbrella of the non-Communist National Liberation Council. The council was formed in 1965 by an alliance between some dissident Burman military and political figures, including Brigadier Bo Yan Naing, former deputy chief of staff, and the moderate Karen National Defense Organization (KNDO), led by Bo Mya. Up to that time, the Communist-oriented faction, the Karen National United Front (KNUF), commanded at least two-thirds of all the Karen guerrilla forces, but its strength has since declined steadily. Last December the KNUF leader, Manh Ba Zan, abrogated his alliance with the White Flags, joined the Liberation Council, and ordered all Communists out of Karen-held areas in the Irrawaddy Delta. The newly united Karens now claim to have ten thousand full-time, fully armed guerrillas.

The significance of this radical shift in the complexion of the Karen forces is not merely the blow it strikes at the hopes of the Communists and their Chinese backers for a take-over, but also the support it gives to the co-ordination of non-Communist guerrilla armies throughout Burma. At a meeting last September the Shans had offered to join forces with the Karens, but only if the Karens would first put their house in order politically and unite their military forces. The recent developments in both the Shan and Karen areas seem to be the fulfillment of this bargain. The moves toward unity of the non-Communists also strike a heavy blow against the Burman leaders who have associated the communal rebellions with the purely Communist threat in order to obtain U.S. help in suppressing the guerrillas.

Eventually unification of the forces in Burma may lead to joint operations with those in India. While there have been no direct negotiations, Shan leaders have met with Nagas living in Burma, and these in turn have had talks with their kinsmen in India. Regional co-operation is seen as a necessity by the Naga leader, Angama Zapu Phizo, who spent most of the period 1933-1946 in exile or prison in Burma. Last November, Phizo proclaimed to me with the strongest possible emphasis: "None of the nationalities



in Southeast Asia has any future by itself. Our future lies in co-ordination with the Shans, Karens, and Kachins to the south. We must expand our horizons if we are to maintain our freedom. It is my firm belief that our only hope in the long run in northeast India lies in a regional solution to our problems. And the regional solution I have preached for twenty-five years must extend from the Brahmaputra to the Mekong, and even beyond the Brahmaputra into Tibet, and beyond the Mekong to the South China Sea."

Communal Nationalism

The ethnic forces now awakening throughout Southeast Asia are part of a fundamental change in the political ordering of society away from the exaggerated values of state sovereignty and national independence, which have been among the most harmful export products of western culture. Within less than twenty years, the pursuit of these alien values has brought political fragmentation, economic chaos, and cultural stagnation. Nowhere has this been more evident than in Burma, where the gross national product is dropping from year to year faster than its leaders once hoped it would rise.

The new communal leaders in the region recognize that the first generation of postcolonial leaders failed in part because their eagerness to westernize their "backward" societies caused them to reject the traditional cultures as suitable vehicles for change. The new men with whom I spoke, now mostly in their twenties and thirties, are trying to resurrect the best from their past in order to provide a viable cultural framework for modernization.

Some specialists in modernization theory have contended that exposure to the wonders of modern communication and education increases societal mobility and the need for a broader political orientation to link diverse peoples, thus promoting nation-building. But the process also undermines nation-building where the groups involved extend beyond the confines of the state or "nation" being built and where the people have not been educated over a period of centuries, as westerners have, to see the centralized nation-state as the alpha and omega of political existence.

The new generation of leaders is increasingly exercising its own judgment in selecting those aspects of western culture which serve the needs of its different world and in rejecting those which have helped create so much chaos.

No less striking is the rejection of their elders' separatist policies. The young communal leaders in Burma are co-operating to promote autonomy for their peoples within a larger framework of decentralized, confederative regionalism transcending present national boundaries. In time, they say, the artificial states in this part of the world may no longer be considered as the beginning of the era of national independence but merely as the projection of the colonial past.

Underlying the political ferment among these non-Communist revolutionaries is their insistence that communal solidarity rather than political centralization is the key both to the local economic mobilization of people and to regional co-operation, without which, they say, modernization is only a dream.

Recent developments suggest that

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is still time to resolve the basic conflict between the existing governments and the rebellious groups without resort to general warfare. In India, the Nagas appear willing to extend the cease-fire due to expire at the end of April to permit negotiations leading to basic changes in their status. In Burma, the Shans responded to Ne Win's February amnesty for imprisoned Shans by declaring a cease-fire in Kengtung State, beginning March 15. But they also threatened all-out war if Ne Win did not take steps toward democracy and federalism for Burma. Peace in this western tier of Southeast Asia may rest on the response of the Indian and Burmese governments to these offers of conciliation.

Out of China

It may also rest on how the Chinese Communists on the one hand and the West on the other react to the revolutions in India and Burma. The hallmark of Communist political operations in Southeast Asia has been to exploit the existing bonds and antagonisms that have molded Southeast Asian history.

The Chinese maintain a Minority Peoples Research Center in Kunming, not far from Burma, where the role, the potential threat, and the latent power of minorities in both China and its adjoining areas are constantly studied.

The long-range goals of Chinese political strategists were perhaps reflected in the statement a Chinese minorities expert made in 1960 to visiting Shan nobility from Burma: "The Tai are the most fortunate of the minority peoples in China, because they number fifty million in China alone, and together they will swamp the rest of Southeast Asia." The figure is pure fabrication, but it has symbolic importance. Since millions of Shans and hundreds of thousands of Kachins live in China as well as in Burma, under certain conditions an invasion by tribal minority troops of the Chinese Army, well engineered to coincide with or even to pass as a series of popular rebellions, might encounter little opposition from the minorities in Burma. A similar possibility exists in Greater Assam, where the Sino-Tibetan peoples and the Assamese of Ahom (Tai) origin constitute a majority of the population.

How should the United States react to the upsurge in communal and regional dynamism in Southeast Asia, and to its potential exploitation by Peking? One of the Shans who heard the Chinese expert's fabrication warned me that it should not be dismissed by students of the dynamics of mass revolution, particularly during the current period of flux in Southeast Asian history. "Fabrication," he declared, "is the ultimate aim of Chinese Communist strategy—the fabrication of armed American opposition to the peoples of Burma, and with its help the consolidation of a Communist world." When I was about to leave, he turned to me and with great earnestness warned against the United States' falling into the Chinese design by opposing the resurgent nationalists: "I wish you would tell your people that we are in the middle of a revolution to create our own new world. It will not be Communist, but we can succeed only if there is no outside intervention."

Vietnam: Hard Battles Still to Be Fought

DENIS WARNER

OF THE VARIOUS PLANS for ending the Vietnam war on terms designed neither to betray the non-Communist forces in the South nor to deny the indigenous southern elements of the National Liberation Front their share of power, the one most talked about in Saigon is the Tuyen plan. Its authors were a group of Saigon intellectuals and politicians led by former Deputy Premier Tran Van Tuyen, who has been prominent in Vietnamese affairs since 1946, when he played an active part in persuading the Binh Xuyen river pirates and gangsters to end their association with the Vietminh and to join with nationalist groups in an alliance to overthrow both the French and the Vietminh. Although the alliance came to nothing, Tuyen and his associates have since remained close to the center of the Vietnamese nationalist movement, sometimes in a state of dissidence, sometimes on the fringes of power.

In essence, the behind-the-scenes exchanges between Hanoi and Washington recommended in the Tuyen plan have already taken place. As a second step, the plan advocates a total cessation of bombing by the United States and South Vietnam and an end to the flow of troops and arms into South Vietnam by both North Vietnam and the allies. Countries friendly to the two sides would be asked to act as intermediaries and guarantors. South Vietnam and the United States might choose from Japan, India, Canada, Tunisia, Ethiopia, and Indonesia, for example, and the National Liberation Front and North Vietnam from Poland, Algeria, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, and North Korea. The United States, the Soviet Union, China, Great Britain, and France would be committed to ensure the implementation of all signed agreements.

After both sides had agreed to de-escalation, the International Control Commission, reinforced by the guarantors and by representatives from Hanoi, Saigon, the National Liberation Front, and the allies, would control the suspension of the bombing and the infiltration of arms and men into the South. Simultaneously, negotiations for a cease-fire would begin. Areas under the control of each side would be carefully delineated, while contested areas would be disarmed and put under joint surveillance. Thereafter, mobile units operating under the enlarged International Control Commission and presumably drawn from both sides would police the cease-fire and settle on-the-spot disputes.

The amalgamation of the administrative and military organizations

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the NLF and the Republic of Vietnam would eventually be decided by a general election in the South to be held within a set period. During this period the areas controlled by each side would live their own separate and, it is hoped, peaceful way of life. The two administrations would appoint a joint political committee to study means of improving relations between the two areas and to settle all disputes. The principal efforts of the committee would be devoted, however, to the preparation of unified administrative, economic, and social organizations in the South and the preparation of the general election. The election itself would be under the control of the joint political committee, with observers from nations participating in the peace conference and from the United Nations. All political parties, including the NLF, would be free to function in all areas, including those controlled by the opposing side.

The withdrawal of allied and North Vietnamese troops from the South would not be precipitate but instead would be undertaken gradually to avoid the creation of power vacuums. A similar gradualness would apply to the reduction of troop strengths on the government and Vietcong sides. Although both sides would pledge not to participate in military blocs, they would reserve the right to call on guarantor nations to intervene in case of flagrant violations of the agreement.

The Fruits of Consistency

The Tuyen plan is not the only embryonic peace formula to have had semi-public discussion and distribution in Saigon. Dr. Tran Van Do, the Foreign Minister of South Vietnam, believes that the 1954 Geneva Agreements might be used as a basis for negotiations. A royalist group wants the return of the monarchy, though it has not spelled out its formula for persuading Ho Chi Minh to accept once again the long-discredited ex-Emperor Bao Dai or his son, Prince Bao Long. Other plans envisage the further partition of the country, an attempt to buy off Hanoi by conceding it Quang Tri and Thua Thien, the two northernmost provinces, where the Vietcong's military activity has long been under direct Hanoi command.

If the goals of the NLF and those of Hanoi were primarily the restoration of peace on honorable terms, then the prospects of negotiations along Tuyen's lines might be reasonably bright. Unfortunately, however, this proposition seems highly improbable. To the North Vietnamese leadership the war is truly a *"guerre sacrée,"* a "sacred war" designed not merely to "liberate" South Vietnam but to "change the world." These are deadly serious attitudes that cannot be satisfied merely by peace. They demand victory. The idea of an honorable compromise has no place in the thinking and planning of the North, or of the NLF. A senior American official in Saigon was half joking when he suggested after the Tet offensive that the containment of the Tonkinese (the most dynamic element of the North Vietnamese population) was a more important matter than the containment of the Chinese; but it is no joke for the South Vietnamese, or for the Laotians, the Cambodians, and the Thais. Rather than accept any sort of compromise, Hanoi would see the Vietcong wither away, withdrawing to heal its wounds while preparing to fight another day.

From the very earliest period of the Indo-China War through to the present day, the attitudes of Ho Chi Minh and his lieutenants have been characterized by a rare consistency. In the past fourteen years there have been few important hierarchical changes in either the party or the administration. If the rise of Premier Pham Van Dong has been important administratively, the influence of men like General Vo Nguyen Giap, the tactician, and Truong Chinh, the theorist, is as important today as it was twenty years ago. And when it comes to the war, it is as "sacred" to Dong, who first described it in this term, as it is to Giap or Chinh.

This consistency of thought and planning and action simplifies what would otherwise be the infinitely complex task of assessing from the outside the motivations and intentions of the North Vietnamese régime. There has never been the slightest deviation, for instance, from Giap's original premise that a "great political victory" in a war of this nature can be won only by a "big military success."

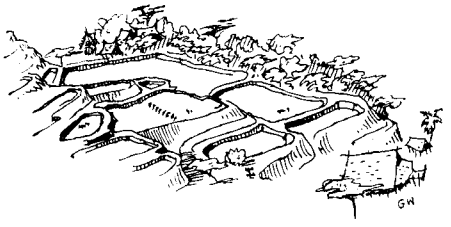
As early as 1947 Truong Chinh published a series of articles in the review *Su*. They set out a complete blueprint for revolutionary warfare. Apart from the general counter-offensive, a stage the French helped to eliminate by presenting themselves as a target of opportunity at Dien Bien Phu, that blueprint was followed meticulously by Giap. He followed it again, even in the most basic estimate of the "enemy" situation, during the Tet offensive. The formula called for lightning surprise attacks "when the enemy is off guard." Specifically, troops were to concentrate rapidly for lightning attacks in the cities and against enemy positions. This, Truong Chinh proclaimed, would be followed by the surrender of many positions as the enemy withdrew to entrench himself in the big cities. It did not matter whether the Communist forces were still relatively weaker than the enemy's. Such matters as the resistance to the war in France and the "world movement for peace and democracy" and the exhaustion of France's faltering economy and finances would enable the Vietminh to go over to the general counter-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offensive. And this, in turn, might lead to French-initiated negotiations in order to save the situation. "In that case," he said, "our long resistance will be interrupted by new talks, and that is precisely one of its characteristics."

For "France" read "United States," and what Truong Chinh laid down as a battle plan twenty-one years ago becomes almost a precise historical account of what took place between the opening of the Tet offensive and President Johnson's latest peace campaign. All too often the war has seemed like the replay of an old movie, and never more so than now. Though some of the actors have changed, the newcomers remain faithful to the script. With the Vietminh plans laid for the general counteroffensive and six battalions of French Union forces already offering themselves as targets at Dien Bien Phu, Ho Chi Minh, replying to a series of questions submitted to him by the Stockholm newspaper *Expressen*, revealed on November 29, 1953, that he was ready to examine any proposals that the French might make and that the essential basis for an armistice was real French respect for the independence of Vietnam. Ho's terms this time are tougher. The United States is told that it "must prove by words and deeds that it really wants serious contacts and talks." It must stop all bombing and all acts of war against North Vietnam. There is no assurance of reciprocity. Charles Collingwood of CBS, who played the role of the *Expressen* correspondent in the 1968 version, believes that Hanoi will drive a hard bargain. Of this there has never been the slightest doubt. On the battlefield or at the peace table, the initiative rests with the side that fights not for peace but for victory.

That Hanoi and the National Liberation Front intended to enter into tactical negotiations in the not too distant future became apparent at the end of August last year with the publication of the new united-front NLF platform. The intention was not to negotiate from a position of apparent weakness, of course, but from seeming strength. By November, Vietcong units that had fragmented to avoid air attacks and search-and-destroy operations (and in some cases had ceased even to be carried on MAC-V lists of the enemy order of battle) began to reassemble. Fresh North Vietnamese divisions began to move into the South along with vast quantities of new and sophisticated equipment. At the same time, COSVN (the Central Office for South Vietnam) launched an indoctrination campaign not merely to prepare the Vietcong and North Vietnamese forces for the hard fighting that lay ahead but also for the more complex considerations of fighting while negotiating and for a coalition government that could materialize only as a result of negotiations. A Vietcong cadreman's notebook captured last October went into such psychologically important questions as the propriety of a political alliance with non-Communists. If



the troops were to fight, they had to understand how political expedience could help the long-range objectives of the revolution. It was frankly admitted that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong were not strong enough then to deal a lethal blow to the U.S. and South Vietnamese forces, but with a coalition government "real power will be in our hands and we will follow the Front's political program, the revolutionary line." So confident was COSVN that the general counteroffensive would produce the desired political results that cadres were instructed to tell the troops the war would be over by August.

The Second Front

Largely on the basis of highly inflated casualty claims, both COSVN and Hanoi sometimes seem to base their judgment and their planning on a distorted picture of the war. Whether this is truly the case is now open to doubt following the capture of a circular issued jointly by COSVN and the Military Affairs Committee of the Liberation Army Headquarters as early as the evening of January 31, following a preliminary assessment of the general counteroffensive. It is difficult even with all the subsequent information now available to find fault with this most professional of estimates.

While there was satisfaction that the co-ordinated attack against the cities had been well directed, there was also a realistic acceptance of failures and weaknesses. "We failed to seize a number of primary objectives . . . to hold the occupied areas . . . to motivate the people to stage uprisings. . . . The enemy still resisted and his units were not disrupted into pieces. . . . We cannot achieve total victory in a short period. . . . Preparations [for a renewed offensive] must be made during a period of three or four months. . . . In regard to United States troops, we should attack them if we have a well-prepared plan [but] we must use mainly artillery, mortars, and sappers to attack them, surround them, and snipe at them in order to annihilate them or wear them down. In order to avoid casualties we must not use main forces to attack them. . . . We must arm the people and bring rural people into the towns and cities, thus turning them into a rising political movement in order to break the oppressive control of the enemy in local areas and to overthrow the central government." This last point is given special emphasis. Cadres are instructed to be ready "to respond to the second front when it is activated in Saigon," to establish an alliance among the many "national" and "peace" committees that the Front spread through the land during Tet "so that they can be combined when the central organization officially comes into being."

Nothing could be clearer. Saigon, with all that it means to the government, remains the primary target. Once the second front is established there and a coalition government is created, rural and provincial power will pass into the hands of the Front through the various "uprising committees," proselytizing organizations, and territorial administrative organizations that showed themselves, if only briefly, during Tet.

To read this document is to understand more clearly why the North Vietnamese forces did not press the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attack against Khe Sanh; it is also to recognize anew the political leverage Hanoi hopes to obtain by military pressures. The hardest fighting of the Indo-China War took place between February 18, 1954, when it was decided to hold the Geneva Conference, and July 21, when the conference came to an end. Similar attacks in great strength must be expected from the Vietcong and North Vietnamese forces during the course of the new negotiations.

One can only speculate about the fighting quality of the recruits pressed into the service of the Vietcong since Tet. Their real function will be to add numbers to the weight of the attack, to be the Maoist sea in which the Vietcong and North Vietnamese regulars, their battle corps still fairly intact, will be able to swim.

At this stage, neither side would welcome an immediate cease-fire. Hanoi's political hopes depend on major military successes, though this would not preclude the call for a cease-fire following another lightning offensive which, say, could regain a foothold in what is left of Hué, devastate much of Saigon, and destroy half a dozen provincial capitals, all of which are tasks within the capabilities and the proclivities of the Front and North Vietnam. In any event, we may be certain that the cease-fire, when and if the call comes from Hanoi, will be exploited as a significant political weapon.

The South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) is totally unprepared for the psychological shock of a cease-fire. Many months ago, when it became evident that the Vietcong were unlikely to wither away and that negotiations of some sort would be the predictable conclusion to the war, a senior general strongly urged the South Vietnamese government to make the sort of psychological preparation for a cease-fire that COSVN on its part had launched to prepare the Front and its forces for negotiations and a coalition government. "If a cease-fire is called prior to this education campaign, I am afraid that the ARVN will collapse," he said. "Soldiers would interpret the cease-fire as defeat or the end of the war, and would surrender en masse to *their opponents. To be on the safe* side, a good number of officers would start dealing privately with the enemy. With the disintegration of the ARVN there will be nothing left to negotiate with."

His words fell on deaf ears, and there is little reason to suppose now that the ARVN, which was at its best with its back to the wall during Tet, would not be at its worst if it were asked to accept a situation that it could scarcely be blamed for regarding as a prelude to capitulation. This is not an aspect of the situation that senior U.S. officials in Saigon care to discuss. "You and I have agreed for a long time that a cease-fire would pose formidable problems," was the nearest I could get to

a statement of policy. Yet, if negotiations are to be taken seriously now, a cease-fire must command urgent attention. If it is not already too late to condition ARVN, there is certainly no time to lose. Even the proposal put forward in the Tuyen plan for a careful delineation of zones of predominant control, though better than other suggestions that the cease-fire should progress from corps to corps, is dangerous.

The Price of Peace at Any Price

The greatest danger of all, however, is the self-deception, or self-hypnosis, that characterized the 1954 and 1962 Geneva Agreements. So anxious were the French for a settlement that they accepted a virulent attack by Molotov on Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister and leader of the French delegation to Geneva, who had allowed the conference to bog down, as a lever to eject the French government. Pierre Mendès-France, who became Premier on June 17, 1954, turned Geneva into a sort of gladiatorial bout in which French self-immolation became equated with victory. If he failed to conclude an "honorable" peace by July 20, Mendès-France told the National Assembly, he would resign. Privately, he described the conference as a "stock-clearance sale," and he treated it as such, missing his deadline by a few hours but contriving to leave a settlement so hastily conceived that no one, including Pham Van Dong, believed that it would work.

The British and the Americans managed to do little better in their handling of the 1962 Geneva Conference on Laos. On one occasion, Malcolm MacDonald, the British co-chairman of the fourteen-nation conference, opened the day's session with a brief review of past progress and future prospects. "We are, in fact, on the point of creating a practical and just system of international guarantees which will assure to Laos neutrality, untroubled peace and sovereign independence," he said. William H. Sullivan, now U.S. ambassador in Laos and at the time acting leader of the U.S. delegation, called the proposed settlement "a pattern for peace not only in Laos, not only in Southeast Asia but throughout the world." Since the whole purpose of the agreement, as Hanoi saw it, was to protect its lines of communication through eastern Laos into South Vietnam, where the major war was already being fought, MacDonald and Sullivan were guilty either of gross stupidity or gross hypocrisy.

IT MAY BE POSSIBLE, though it will be enormously difficult, to negotiate an enduring, proper, and honorable settlement in Vietnam. It will be quite impossible if negotiators on the American and government side fail to understand that negotiations are, in Hanoi's view, an essential part of the continuing war, which is essentially a political war. To understand that may be to avoid the errors of the past. To put primary emphasis on ending the war, as in the "model" Geneva settlements of 1954 and 1962, would not only assure ultimate and total defeat in South Vietnam but jeopardize all of Southeast Asia and much beyond.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Draft Dodgers in Canada

EDMOND TAYLOR

TORONTO

As the chief northern terminus of an underground railway reputed to have helped many thousands of American draft dodgers to haven in Canada, Toronto hardly lives up to its dramatic reputation. The number of authentic U.S. refugees from the draft was never as great as the public, both in Canada and in the United States, has been led to believe, and the exodus, such as it was, appears to have slackened considerably since President Johnson's peace message of March 31. This city remains, however, a major center for subversive agitation and anti-American propaganda conducted by a small band of self-exiled left-wing U.S. activists whose aim, it seems increasingly clear, is less to protest against the war in Vietnam than to exploit Canada's traditionally easygoing hospitality in pursuit of their own unending war against what they call the "system"—i.e., the entire American society on which they have turned their backs.

Well before the President's announcement of our limitation on bombing targets in North Vietnam and other American peace moves, the activist émigrés here, along with their Canadian fellow revolutionaries, began to shift the emphasis in their permanent Hate America campaign from Vietnam to Latin-American themes, and to the race problem in the United States. Instructions for the new propaganda line are believed by certain local experts to have been transmitted from or by the Tri-Continental Congress in Havana—with which some of the American émigrés have a fairly close overt link—early in March. Ralph Schoenman, secretary of the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal, who spoke in Toronto at that time, reflected the same shift of emphasis in his public statements. The American military-industrial complex, he explained, was being driven to practice genocide, not merely by opposition to the spread of Communism in Southeast Asia but by "racial fear of the little yellow men in Vietnam and of the black men in the United States." The U.S. commitment to "suppress the hungry people of the world" would lead not only to expansion of the war in Vietnam but to other wars in which the system would eventually exhaust and thus destroy itself.

Talented Troublemakers

Both the long-range aims and the techniques of the new revolutionaries were strikingly illustrated by a demonstration that took place inside the U.S. consulate general here the day after the President's address to the nation. About twenty American and Canadian demonstrators headed by Professor Chandler Davis and Paul Hoch, both U.S. citizens on the faculty of the University of Toronto, entered the United States Information Service offices in the consulate building waving a bottle of Canadian champagne and tried to make the public-affairs officer, Nicholas Volk, drink a victory toast with them. When Volk naturally refused, one female demonstrator, Nancy Pocock, wife of the artist John Pocock, thrust a bunch of carnations at him while cameramen tried to snap pictures of the humiliating scene.

Even the liberal Toronto *Star*, which sometimes strikes an American reader as one of the moonier flower children of the Canadian press, upbraided the demonstrators for their bad manners and "meanness of spirit." Neither the *Star* nor anyone else in Toronto, however, appears to have realized that the incident at the consulate was not a "peace demonstration," however ill-mannered, but, like many similar ones here and in the United States, a calculated attack on the symbols of American governmental authority and prestige. The aim of such psychological subversion is not to win converts to a cause but simply to undermine and discredit an adverse authority.

The U.S. revolutionary émigrés and their allies are neither numerous nor rich, and they do not appear to have any tight, centrally controlled conspiratorial organization. Their talent for public relations, however, and the rather surprising access they have to both American and Canadian mass media, are by no means negligible revolutionary assets in the Marshall McLuhan Age. By exploiting these assets, the revolutionaries are able to amplify the psychological impact of minor acts of terrorism or sedition—sometimes hardly distinguishable from schoolboy pranks—on both domestic and world opinion.

Early in March, for example, the Toronto newspapers prominently featured excerpts from a clandestine twelve-page manual advocating the fire-bombing of draft offices in the United States and giving handy do-it-yourself hints on how to harass or terrorize officials of the Selective Service System. Detailed instructions on how to prepare time bombs and Molotov cocktails from readily available materials were included.

From internal evidence this amateur arsonist manual was written by an American. According to the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, however, it was believed to have originated in Canada. The pamphlet itself says that it was prepared in Toronto and mailed from there to 327 anti-war groups in the United States. Canadian police authorities admitted to the press that they had heard of the pamphlet but apparently did not take it very seriously. U.S. officials likewise kept their cool.

From a purely technical point of view no doubt both were right: whatever acts of sabotage or terrorism the manual may have directly inspired were not on a scale to threaten the security of the United States. The widespread publicity given the pamphlet in Canada, however, and the resultant telephone calls by Canadian editors or reporters to activist groups in several American cities, may have

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer*.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds*.'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 365 leading U.S. magazines

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

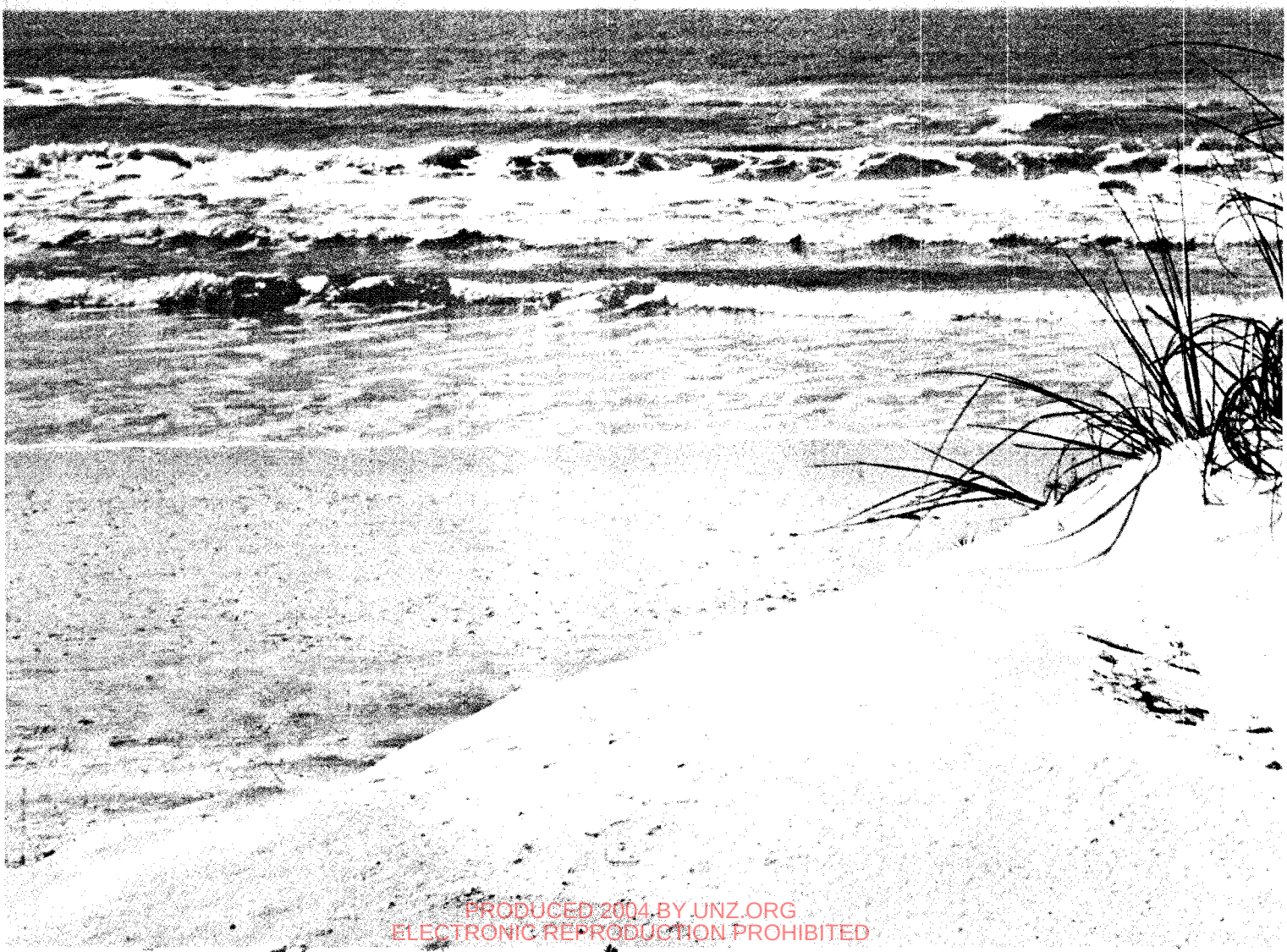
This is no place

But this is where you sometimes find it. Oil slicks washed ashore by the restless, house-proud sea.

Such slicks may come from a wreck. Or more likely from a passing ship.

In 1964, the chances of it coming from an oil tanker at sea went way down. And Jersey ha a lot to do with it.

For years, ships have soiled the ocea whenever they cleaned their oil tanks. The simply pumped in seawater, sloshed it aroun and dumped a mixture of oil and water ove board. International law permitted this practic provided it was done fifty miles from shor But Jersey preferred not to do it at all.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to strike oil.

So Jersey's affiliate, Esso Research, went to work and developed a special chemical. This separates the oil from the water when a ship swills out its tanks. The water goes overboard. But the oil stays behind where it belongs—in the ship.

The tankers of all our affiliates now use this chemical. So do other tanker fleets. The oil that used to be pumped overboard from tankers has been reduced by 95 per cent. And their owners save a lot of oil in the bargain.

This pleases Jersey. Not to mention the fish. The birds. And everybody who loves a clean beach.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HUMAN CARE PACKAGE

There is a man somewhere who has nothing. Maybe you'd like to give him something. Here are some suggestions.

Send him patience. He'll appreciate it for the rest of his life.

Send him understanding. It's something he can use.

Send him kindness. That's something that'll never go out of style.

Send him the one thing only you can give him. Send him you.

The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C.

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

D

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been a more serious contribution to an already unhealthy emotional atmosphere in the United States. If nothing else, the incident tended to strengthen the already firmly rooted public belief in Canada that the United States was on the verge of full-scale civil war.

A similar but more lasting triumph of subversive public relations can be claimed for a shoestring émigré activity that calls itself the Toronto Anti-Draft Programme. The Programme is run by two American draft dodgers, Bernard D. Jaffe, formerly of Monticello, New York, and Mark Satin, from Wichita, Texas, with the help —and some observers believe under the unofficial direction—of Satin's Canadian wife, Heather Dean, who is also the co-director for Canada of the Third World News Service, a propaganda bulletin sponsored by the Tri-Continental Congress.

The Programme maintains a Toronto office with two cupboard-size rooms where Jaffe and Satin, aided by such volunteer workers as offer themselves and can be squeezed in, try to help newly arrived American draft dodgers find jobs, lodging, loans, and other things they need.

The Programme also publishes a "Manual for Draft-Age Immigrants to Canada" which gives practical advice to prospective U.S. draft dodgers on how to get across the border safely, how to make a good impression on the Canadian immigration authorities, and what conditions to expect in Canada. While ostensibly leaving the decision whether or not to become a draft dodger and thus a permanent expatriate up to the reader's conscience, the "Manual" in fact tries to influence him by grossly overstating the advantages of life in Canada—notably in regard to finding work—and understating the difficulties confronting the draft dodger here.

According to officers of the Programme, five thousand copies of the "Manual" have already been mailed to the United States. Among other recipients, a number of U.S. magazine editors have received copies for "review," suggesting that simply getting the pamphlet written or talked about is one of the main objectives of the pamphlet's publishers.

One of the unavowed but extremely successful activities of the Programme is operating a kind of political numbers game intended to accredit the legend that vast throngs of young Americans have preferred lifelong exile to service in their country's armed forces.

Respected and normally responsible Canadian newspapers write glibly of the fourteen thousand, sixteen thousand, or even twenty thousand American draft dodgers they imagine to have taken refuge in Canada. In the U.S., the *Atlantic*, largely, it appears, on the basis of interviews with Jaffe and Satin, recently estimated that there were between three thousand and ten thousand. A recent dispatch from Toronto to the New York *Times*, citing a Canadian economist, places the figure at four thousand.

Jaffe was still sticking to the ten-thousand estimate when I interviewed him recently at his office—which he said was operating on a business-as-usual basis despite the dramatic shift in U.S.-Vietnam policy. He also claimed that 125 new U.S. escapees from the draft pass through his office every week. "They don't see anything like that number in a whole month," one disillusioned young émigré who has decided to return and face the music told me later.

According to U.S. officials in Canada, there are at present fewer than one thousand bona fide American draft dodgers who have arrived in the country since 1965. The figure is based on queries received at the United States embassy in Ottawa from local draft boards. Of course there are a larger number of military-aged Americans living in Canada, some of them present or future draft dodgers, whose draft boards have not yet caught up with them. In addition, many young Canadians or other foreign residents, who are subject to military service in the U.S. armed forces under our rather high-handed draft legislation for aliens, return to Canada to avoid serving. (Their numbers are at least partially counterbalanced by a steady flow of Canadians who cross the border to enlist in the U.S. armed forces; it is officially estimated that between one thousand and 1,500 Canadians are presently serving or have served in Vietnam.)

Above all, quite a few young Americans who arrive in Canada planning to refuse military service and renounce their citizenship change their minds after they get here, sometimes before they have received their draft notices, sometimes even after they have been indicted as draft evaders. "I came up here planning to stay for good," Michael De John, a quiet, earnest-looking nineteen-year-old former university student from St. Louis told me. "I burned my draft card and now I am under indictment, but I understand they will drop proceedings against me if I go home and serve in the Army, so I am flying back tomorrow.

"I've learned a lot of things about myself during the months I've been up here. I thought it was because I disapproved of the war in Vietnam that I decided to come, but looking back on it I can see it was more just a rebellion against authority than anything else.

"Whatever made you come here in the first place, things begin to look quite different when you have been up here for a while cut off from all your friends and your family. Jobs are very hard to find if you're an American draft dodger in Canada, and living conditions aren't too pleasant, but mainly it's the loneliness that gets you. A kid has to be a real fanatic to stick it out here."

Most of the young Americans who come to Canada with the idea of evading military service are not fanatics, and many of them, like De John, will eventually change their minds, though in some cases perhaps too late. Their numbers are not sufficient to constitute either a threat to the security of the United States or a major political problem. Probably the small hard core of revolutionary fanatics among them is not a serious national security threat either, but they have at least demonstrated a capability for mischief-making—especially in poisoning Canadian opinion against the United States—that seems to deserve closer attention than it has yet received from either the Canadian or the U.S. government.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ma-Ma-Maoisti Close Italian Universities

CLAIRE STERLING

THE AUDITORIUM was packed with students, wedged in the aisles, hanging from windowsills, spilling into corridors decked with posters: "All Power to the Assemblies," "The Occupation Is Forever," "Cogito Ergo Bum, Coito Ergo Sum." An arrow at the entrance pointed toward the rector's office with the caption "To the House of Nothing." On the velvet curtain behind the podium, somebody had removed the crucifix and pinned up a Vietcong flag. Earnest young men in white plastic riot helmets stood guard as speakers pushed their way to the microphone amidst clenched fists raised in salute and shouts of "Ho Chi Minh!" and "Mao Tse-tung!" "No demands, no delegations, no deals, no dialogue: the occupation continues," one said. "The battle has no objectives: it *is* the objective," said another. "I'm here because your fight is our fight," said an American spokesman for black power. "We don't give a damn about reforming the academic system. We're out to destroy it."

That was in the University of Rome. But it might as easily have been in almost any Italian university from Turin, Milan, and Trieste to Venice, Pisa, Bologna, and Florence to Cagliari, Sassari, Naples, Messina, and Palermo. Since early February, twenty-three of Italy's twenty-seven universities have been occupied by rebel students holding a baffled country at bay. Camping in sleeping bags, passing their days in endless mass assemblies, chanting the Maoist litany and potting away happily at their elders' sacred cows, the rebels have refused to budge. All efforts to win them over by negotiation or compromise have been ignored as bribery or "opportunist reformism." Every attempt to dislodge them by force has ended in savage clashes with the police and a triumphant reoccupation. Only now, with the choice of taking final exams or losing the whole scholastic year, are the ranks giving way; and even now the Italians don't really know what hit them.

What appears to have hit them is the Big No, spreading across campuses from Berkeley to Peking. There may be noticeable differences between Berkeley's psychedelics and flower people, defying the electronic world of Herbert Marcuse's IBM-card-carrying One-Dimensional Man, and Peking's austere Red Guards, hunting down bourgeois revisionists. But Italian students, or those speaking in their name, see both as comrades-in-arms in a glorious mutiny against the existing order, whichever it may be.

ALMOST NOBODY over thirty can understand this phenomenon fully, and explanations are hard to come by. Divided though they are into dozens of arcane political sects, the Italian mutineers have united in refusing communion with the enemy. The friendliest of professors approaching them with sympathy have been taunted for their vanity and hypocrisy, and ordered to confess their crimes before a roomful of young Robespierres sitting in permanent assembly. Aging heroes of the anti-Fascist resistance have been hustled off the premises for having sold out to the establishment. Intellectuals priding themselves on their militant leftism have gotten the same short shrift: Alberto Moravia was jeered off a Rome University platform to cries of "Mao sí, Moravia no!" Reporters have been sent packing or admitted merely for brief collective interviews, on payment of fifty thousand lire into the student kitty. Least welcome of all has been the entire array of "paleopoliticians" representing the government and every party in Parliament from extreme Right to furthest Left.

The fact that the Communists are among the lepers may be some comfort to the democratic parties, but not much. There remains the larger consideration that the students have evidently washed their hands of the whole generation in power here since the war.

Known as the "Ma-Ma-Maoisti" for their devotion to the works of Marx, Marcuse, and Mao, they have no doubt learned a lot from these mentors. But nothing could be a better hothouse for revolution than their own universities. Year after year for two decades, Italian students have been striking and rioting to improve their deplorable conditions.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All the promises they've had, from conservatives and radicals, in or out of the government, have come to nothing. A quarter of a century after Mussolini's fall, the universities are still regulated by a law he promulgated in 1933. Much of the curriculum dates back to the First World War, and quite a few professors give the impression of having been around still longer. Thick with intellectual mold, secure in their life tenure, jealous of their status and practically unlimited powers, these "barons of the lecture hall" run a tight closed shop, inaccessible for the most part to younger men and livelier minds. For a student body of 450,000 there are only nine hundred full professors. The Faculty of Letters in Lecce has four full professors and six thousand students. Rome's Faculty of Letters has fifty-seven such professors, 7,927 students, and seating facilities for 1,564 of them. The shortage of seats is so acute everywhere that Rome's engineering students rush to school at seven in the morning to grab a place for lectures starting at nine.

More often than not, the professors aren't there anyway, having delegated their work to assistant professors oppressively guided from above, or graduate students hardly better informed than their audience. With no obligation to show up in class, anybody with full professorial rank is free to get a well-paid job on the side, and most do. Among the multitude holding university chairs while otherwise employed are seventy-six members of Parliament, including Premier Aldo Moro, Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani, and former President Antonio Segni, who is permanently invalided.

Whether because they cannot physically squeeze into class or are too discouraged by the experience when they do, thousands of students rarely set foot on campus; they get their diplomas on their own simply by studying outdated textbooks and copies of lectures sold to them by absentee professors. Thousands more give up altogether. Rome University, with seventy thousand students on its roster, turns out only five thousand graduates a year. All twenty-seven universities combined *turn out twenty thousand, almost* exactly the figure fifteen years ago when the enrolled student population was a third its present size. The brain waste is all the more shocking since nine out of ten young Italians never reach the university level in the first place.

Reform Becomes Academic

Had the paleopoliticians given the situation much thought over the last twenty years, they might still be on speaking terms with the alarming generation that is going to be running things soon. But even the Center-Left government, setting out in 1963 to change the face of Italy, has been too busy looking elsewhere. Among the 1,229 laws approved by

the outgoing Parliament are regulations for the processing of large, medium, and small tuna, and an appropriation for victims of the 1922 Avezzano earthquake. By the time Parliament wound up its business last month, however, it had not gotten around to voting on more than five of the thirty-eight articles in a university-reform bill.

The bill couldn't have worked wonders in any case. It was much too moderate to hold back a student body already drifting out of sight and earshot; and its death in committee simply confirmed a prevalent student conviction that there is nothing more to be done with Italy's bumbling parliamentary democracy. Older Italians may forgive their democracy its shoddy performance, recalling how life used to be without it. But their freeborn sons and daughters apparently fail to see why they should be forgiving. They certainly haven't come across many reasons in the classroom.

While the nation has been forced to perceive the crisis and feel suitably guilty, it cannot yet grasp the magnitude of the rebellion. Eminent educators, prominent editors, jurists, deputies, and cabinet ministers are now eagerly offering to meet most or all of the students' original demands. But rebel leaders have plainly lost interest in mere academic reform since the occupations began. Carried away by the countrywide student response on a scale without precedent here or anywhere else in Europe, they have come to see themselves as the eye of a cyclone homing in on Italy's entire "neocapitalist bourgeois-democratic class structure." With Italian trade unions sunk in reformism, the left-wing parties absorbed in office seeking, and the southern poor emigrating, nobody else seems available for the demolition job.

Some commentators dismiss these activists as an adolescent lunatic fringe. Even though they may represent less than five per cent of the national student population, however, they have been carrying tens of thousands more with them in a headlong race to the Left ending far out in limbo. Every one of the old student organizations identified with political parties has collapsed, replaced by an all-embracing and formally leaderless Student Movement which scorns the "shop-soiled pseudoradicalism" of even the obscure Proletarian Unity Party, well to the left of the Communists.

AMONG the things the Movement says it wants are "direct democracy," with no delegated authority and all powers invested in plenary student assemblies; full and equal co-direction of university curricula, finances, facilities, and final exams, with the right to reject the results or refuse to take exams altogether; "full-time" professors leading small jointly run seminars instead of giving lectures; abolition of technical courses preparing for "brain sales" to industry; a "pre-salary" of $50 a month for every Italian of college age, eliminating the educational

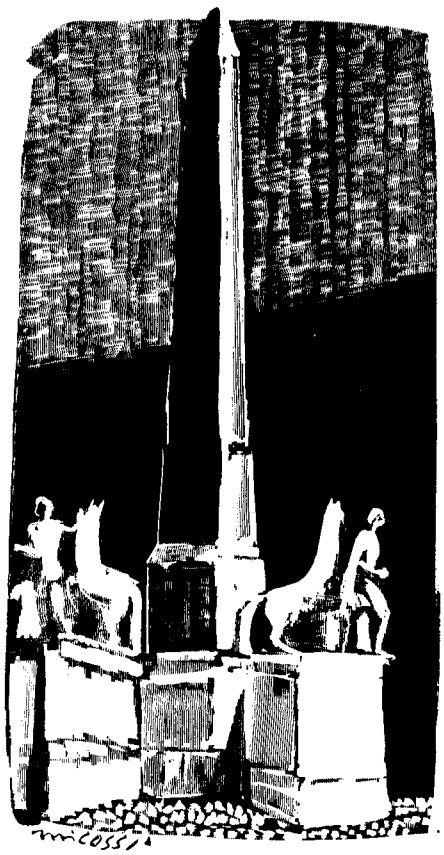
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system's class bias; withdrawal of American "storm troopers" from Vietnam and of Italy from NATO; a student-worker front to overthrow capitalism and the "consumer civilization"; an "anti-terror" guard familiar with Molotov cocktails and street-fighting tactics to "meet violence with violence"; a political struggle rising above the "outdated anti-Fascist formula"; a pox on "Communist reformers and pacifists"; an end to the bourgeois "fetish of culture"; and solidarity with Chairman Mao, guiding the world's one truly permanent revolution.

The Movement doesn't say, and obviously doesn't care, where the money is to come from for its suggested academic rebirth, whose estimated cost would be a third of the national budget. Neither does it show the smallest interest in any political alternative short of Mao Tse-tung's.

It is hardly relevant to point out that most students here see Mao's revolution through romantic mists. What counts is that it hasn't stopped. For the first Italian generation in fifty years to come of age with no tragic memories—war, prison camps, gas chambers—other distinctions have become almost meaningless. In all the days I spent among students in Rome and Milan, I found almost none who put individual political freedom above all other considerations, or attached much importance to differences between Franco's order in Spain and Gomulka's in Poland, those in the two Germanys, or Russia's, their own, and America's, with ours set apart from the rest only by the students' particular hatred for its dehumanizing technology and oppressive opulence. "We must realize that these young people are sensitive to the events of their time," observed Professor Norberto Bobbio of Turin University. "The Russian Revolution matters no more to them, after half a century, than the French Revolution to us. Algeria matters. Cuba matters. Fidel Castro, Che Guevara, Ho Chi Minh are the legendary figures. Vietnam, the drama of the small and weak pitted against the mightiest of the mighty, is the supreme cause. Add to all this an aversion to everything in modern society that vulgarizes men: there you have it."

Doubtless the list of motives could be lengthened: a natural defiance of parental authority, the quest for an independent identity, a deep



sense of moral outrage for the sins of an older generation incapable of dealing with its problems honestly and justly or of sparing its children the threat of nuclear war. Whatever their reasons, the students' desperate sincerity is clear to anybody who talks with them. So is the nobility of their intentions.

The Ugly Mood

Yet it is puzzling that a generation so determined to chart a new course for society should have found no better source of guidance than the worn pages of Marx and the writings of a seventy-year-old German, now an American college professor, who seems to have gleaned much of his sociological data from newspapers and novels. The first to put the "Big No" into so many words, Herbert Marcuse has cast a spell over students here and throughout Europe. Nevertheless, his One-Dimensional Man has not only been drawn more precisely by more expert pens but is a very special case. He lives in a hypothetical super-organized country glutted with wealth, consigned to the maw of a colossal industrial machine, automatized by computers recording his intelligence quotient, productivity, opinions, blood group, sexual habits, and career prospects. Italy, whose northern workers have just begun to exchange their Vespas for Fiat 500s and whose southern peasants still earn less than $600 a year, is unlikely to victimize its young in that fashion for a good many years.

Still, Italian students can see it all coming; and in dashing off to tilt with the future enemy, they have left their most effective weapons behind. When the agitation started, the country's heart was caught by the spontaneity of the students' protest, the justice of their case, their gallantry and generous spirit. Feelings have changed with the realization that the Student Movement doesn't know where it is going. "The demands for profound reform in and out of the university have by no means been a negative fact," said the rector of Florence University, Giacomo Devoto, who was so sympathetic to the student occupation that he resigned when police tried to break it. "But the demands have gone far beyond Italian means and realities. The passage from theory to practice presupposes a certain experience. For all the miracles achieved by a welfare civilization, it cannot give maturity to eighteen-year-olds."

Thus the occupations that began with a magnificent flourish are ending with a mutual display of bad temper. Rectors and deans who have not yet resigned are tempted to do so as they survey the wreckage. Physically, many universities are devastated, walls defaced with graffiti or damaged in fires set by anonymous terrorists, halls littered with detritus, windows broken, files destroyed, desks and chairs smashed to provide clubs during intermittent riots. Morally, the atmosphere is depressing and in some instances ugly. Obliged to surrender to the "blackmail" of final exams, the Student Movement's diehards have lost something of their earlier gallantry. Professors who returned to class by joint agreement have been heckled to the point of walking out again,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and at times have been manhandled. Students who insisted on an end to the occupation have been thrown out of the Movement's assemblies, forcibly prevented from holding meetings of their own, and on occasion beaten up—two in Rome badly enough to be hospitalized.

Obviously the Movement is no longer so spontaneous, or independent either. Activists may still reply with a pitying smile when asked if they see any danger of being used by designing politicians. Nobody, they say, is going to "instrumentalize" their protest. But they are in fact being instrumentalized, however subtly. The neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement has not been subtle: it has taken advantage of a golden opportunity to demonstrate the government's impotence by bringing busloads of overaged hooligans to the campus, armed with bicycle chains and brass knuckles.

The Communists are another story. There is no question about the disarray in the Communists' ranks. I have been at meetings of their teachers' union where the most practiced of party functionaries have faltered, proposing an adjournment until "we can learn more from the students, who are so far ahead of us." On the other hand, I have seen these functionaries planted among the students in their assemblies, egging them on in street fights, closeted privately with some of the Movement's leaders, helpfully putting meeting halls at its disposal. Their incitement to violence is not overt, however. The party's organ, *L'Unità*, was justified in disclaiming responsibility for the full-page diagram and accompanying instructions for the manufacture of a Molotov cocktail that appeared recently in a ferocious journal circulating among students called *La Sinistra*: the diagram was copied from a German student newspaper, and *La Sinistra* is financed by the maverick leftist millionaire publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli. Still, the party hierarchy must have derived satisfaction from the back page of the same paper, presenting twin photographs of Mussolini in his black shirt and President of the Republic Giuseppe Saragat over this legend: "The color of the shirt may change, but the monopoly of power doesn't."

Actually, the whole student message of total negation has been exceptionally useful to the Communists, whatever its drawbacks. The party might wince from time to time as the ideological brickbats fly, especially since its unruly younger members are often among the "Chinese" doing the throwing. Several Communist Youth Federations have been put under the rule of commissars for such lack of discipline, most notably the big one in Rome. Nevertheless, the punishment has been almost pleasurable compared to what the government and the democratic parties have been taking, and national elections are just around the corner.

1,000 to 1

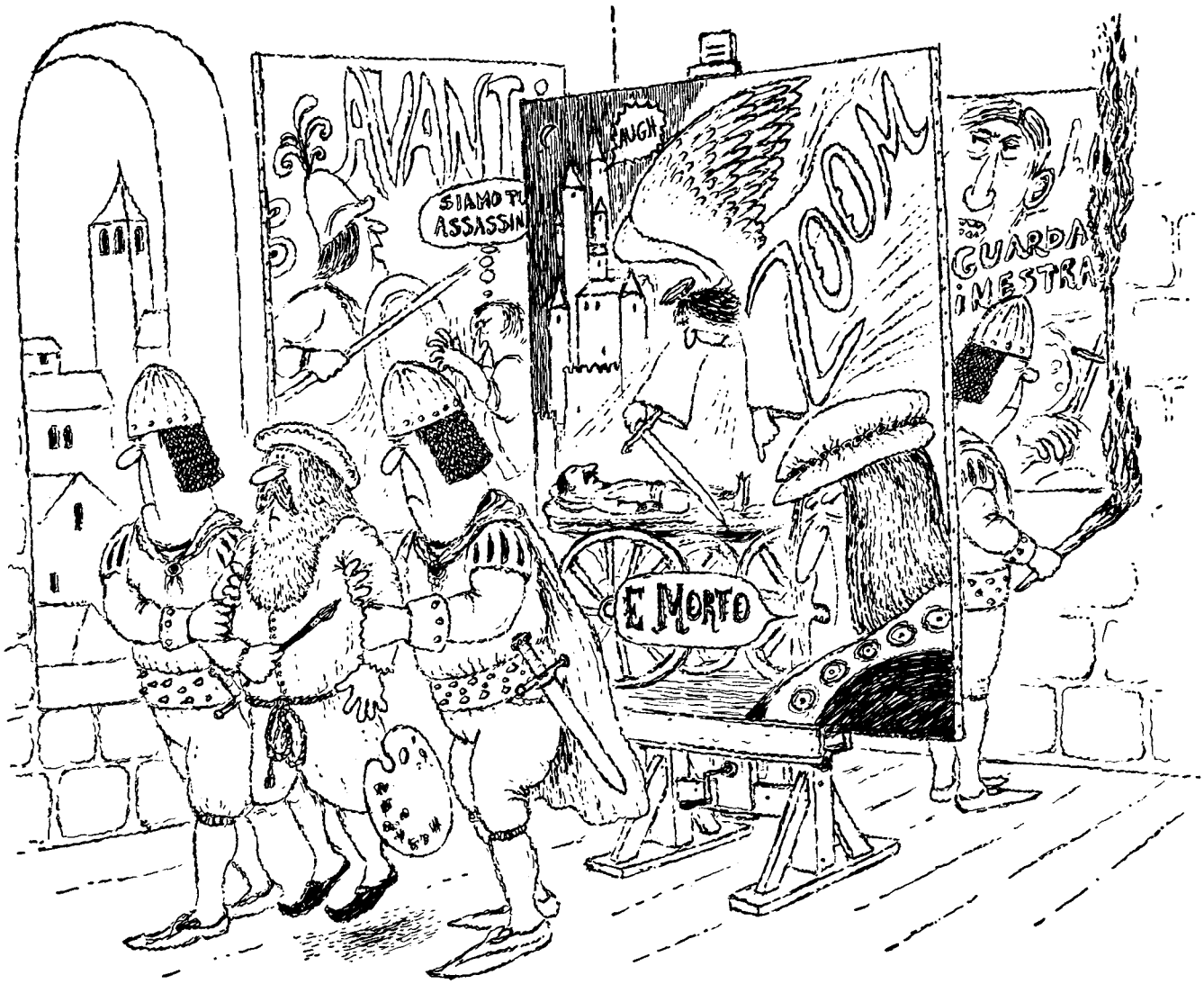
With the approach of Election Day on May 19, democratic politicians are scrambling to regain the ground they fear lost, not so much among the students, many of whom are still too young to vote, as among their parents. Parental sentiment seems to be divided between those who feel penitent toward their teen-aged children and those who would like to smack them—and the government forces are not sure whom to please, or how much. They are undeniably in disgrace for their han-

dling of the agitation, alternating between brutal police violence and helpless submission. Even their last-ditch effort to quiet things down before Parliament closed was a flop: the emergency university-reform bill the government proposed on the eve of adjournment was easily blocked by the Communists and never got out of committee.

The question is not whether to restructure the universities—the need is taken for granted—but whether to do it in workable form or (if the old-fashioned phrase is permissible) give all power to the student soviets. Experiments are already under way here and there in co-direction of university affairs, jointly run exams, "countercourse" seminar discussions on subjects such as the Common Market, neo-imperialism, and Vietnam. Some function well, others don't, which would probably be the case nationally if the Student Movement's assemblies should win full and exclusive recognition. The trouble is that nobody knows how far back from limbo the students could be lured if they were actually to be entrusted with decision-making powers. Neither does anybody know how students here can get the education they ought to have with the funds at Italy's disposal. America, a monster with no redeeming qualities in the eyes of young Italians, can afford to put nearly half its youth through college, with one professor for every nine or ten students. Italian professors with the best will in the world each have to teach eight hundred or a thousand.

Unless something effective is done to meet the students' understandable demands, their less understandable demands are bound to play havoc with Italian politics. The Student Movement is down just now, but not out. Its motives may not be entirely plain but its bottomless resentment is plain enough, against a generation that has failed it inexcusably. "My resignation was not inspired by a demagogic urge for solidarity with the students," former Rector Devoto said. "I do not approve of the nihilist methods in vogue among our students. But I am persuaded that when we make promises and don't keep them, we must pay."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By Fernando Krahn

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

West Berlin's Bloody Easter

JAMES P. O'DONNELL

BERLIN

THE TUMULT began late Thursday of Easter Week, a very unholy Thursday in the event. It was cool and sunny and Berliners were preparing for Easter and all the rites of a late spring. Suddenly, at four-thirty in the afternoon, on the city's most popular promenade, the Kurfürstendamm, three shots rang out. Twenty-eight-year-old Rudi Dutschke, the young spellbinder who has been the voice incarnate of Germany's radical New Left, fell from his bicycle with one bullet in his brain, another in his cheek, a third in the shoulder.

The Berlin police cornered and shot it out with his would-be assassin in a side street. Within the hour two strange young men, both born in East Germany, were lying in adjoining rooms in Berlin's West End Hospital.

The news spread quickly and a profound sense of shock and foreboding gripped the city. All Berliners knew of Dutschke, very few agreed with him, but many of the young admired him for his ability to bug the gods of things as they are. The gunman in this first serious attempt at political murder in free Germany since 1945 was one Josef Bachmann, a twenty-three-year-old ex-convict who—horrible omen—had recently been a housepainter in Munich.

This revolver echo of Weimar Republic days set off West Berlin's Easter rebellion, and this city has bristled like an armed camp ever since. As William Butler Yeats wrote in Ireland's time of troubles: "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/Are filled with passionate intensity." A great voice like that of the late Mayor Ernst Reuter might have saved the day, or rather night. Berlin's present mayor, Klaus Schütz, was unfortunately on holiday on the North Sea island of Sylt. One word of compassion or Christian charity from radical student leaders, a simple refusal to push the panic button, might have won public sympathy for their cause and its fallen leader. Instead, in an essay in political cynicism unmatched since the night Hermann Goering used van der Lubbe's bumbling arson to close the Reichstag, the student hotheads of the SDS (Socialist German Student League), aided and abetted by the screaming pinks of the ultra-left Republican Club, moved into cold-blooded political action.

The Riots of Springer

They were out for bear, and by 8 P.M. they had seized control of the Auditorium Maximum of the downtown Technical University. By 10 P.M., four thousand students were marching along the Landwehr Canal (where political murderers had thrown the corpses of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht in 1919). Around midnight, armed with stones, broken bottles, Molotov cocktails, and crowbars, they fought a pitched battle with the police before the Axel Springer publishing house along the Berlin Wall. They raised the red flag and succeeded in smashing the large plate-glass windows of the lobby until beaten back by Springer's own printers, whereupon they took to overturning delivery trucks in the parking lot and setting them afire. They made bonfires of the newspapers, then set in motion a well-organized plan to prevent the trucks from making deliveries. They failed then, but in mid-April whole blocks around the Springer skyscraper were still closed off. Five thousand police sat in and behind the façade of the ruin of the Anhalter Railroad Station. Astonished East German police rubbernecked from beyond the Wall. There is something peculiarly dismaying about the light that comes into young German eyes at the sight and smell of burning paper flaming on the horizon of night.

This incendiary tradition goes back at least to the Reformation—Protestant zealots burned Catholic Bibles, Catholics put the torch to Luther's works. In 1817 at Wartburg Castle—on the tercentenary of Martin Luther's Ninety-five Theses—the students of the newly formed Burschenschaft fraternities burned the works of all authors who displeased them, from Kotzebue to Goethe. On May 1, 1933, on Unter den Linden, Goebbels sponsored the pitchforking of whole libraries into the flames.

The new German youth leaders are not quite as new as they would have one think. The week following Easter unfolded a whole panoply of fascist bullyboy techniques thinly disguised in superleftist jargon. Bewildered Berliners ask what, except sheer irrationality, explains an act of violence against a publishing house—and thus against the constitution—as a response of supposedly educated young men to an insensate act of violence against Rudi Dutschke. Blind emotionalism, frustrated, anguished wrath, might have been forgivable. But here the stoking of hot emotions was done with a very cold poker.

The radical leaders had been planning arson against Springer's property for months, and were only waiting for the ripe moment. The next day, out popped the plan for an assault on RIAS, the U.S. government-controlled radio station in Berlin, and on the third day came still another brazen attempt to blackmail the Free Berlin radio station into giving them one hour daily free radio time.

In the pipe dreams of revolution

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreamed in Berlin's Republican Club, manipulation of the mass media figures as the tactical way to reach large audiences. The hysterical anti-Springer campaign—much of which is warmed-over Communist slander—has the following emotional background: Axel Springer, West Germany's and the Continent's largest and most prosperous publisher, is an apt symbol of the Bonn Federal Republic—wealthy, successful, moderate, and middle-aged. His papers support the new German democracy vigorously, often a bit bumptiously. They beat a big drum for NATO and the West, alliance with the United States, American soldiers in Vietnam, and for German unity. They are anti-Wall, pro-Israel, and for a strong western stand in West Berlin. Springer's papers tend as much to reflect public opinion as to shape it. This makes Herr Springer the ideal student bogeyman.

MORE SINISTER than their sophomoric plan to "expropriate Springer" is the students' seizure and holding of the Auditorium Maximum and some dozen conference rooms at the Technical University. In almost round-the-clock sessions that began on Good Friday, a dozen action committees conspired in the backrooms while orators kept the student troops inflamed. It has been a kind of Smolny Institute, and from this privileged academic sanctuary the student militants have been sallying forth for overtly criminal assaults against more than a dozen targets, including homes of city officials.

A dangerous plan which the students discussed but have not dared put into action is a blockade of the autobahn from the west to Berlin. This would have involved driving cars a short distance into the Soviet Zone and stalling them.

One thing the NATO contingency planning on Berlin has never provided for is this Trojan horse situation. Student provocateurs stimulate chaos, create chronic civil disorder, and potentially give the East Germans an excuse to send help to restore order. A nighttime visit to the Technical University Auditorium Maximum has surrealist overtones. The sight of young Germans playing Jacobins has its ludicrous aspect as they organize spontaneity. But their instinctive Prussian general staff approach cannot be laughed off. They have set up canteens, a mess, a beer and Coke bar, a first-aid station, a radio link, a switchboard, and a courier service. And they have even provided for a baby-sitting kindergarten to release student mothers for the barricades. More depressing than the radical tirades of the leaders is the sheeplike solidarity of the thousands of followers, an old failing of their fathers. Otherwise, the atmosphere can be compared with that of the French National Convention of 1792.

The Need for Leadership

The baffled American reader may well ask if the Berlin spirit has collapsed. Is the city that stood up to Stalin about to be captured by adolescents? Not quite, but the mood of the leadership is schizophrenic. The police have been doing their duty rather well. Klaus Schütz, the new and no-nonsense mayor, is taking a tough line in public but is handcuffed by left-leaning appeasers in his own Social Democratic Party, who still want a democratic dialogue with the students. The result is that the authorities draw a line, threatening to take action if it is crossed. It is promptly crossed, and the authorities do take action: they draw another line.

The rector of the Technical University, Klaus Weichselberger, also capitulated to the students. As it happened, a ban-the-bomb rally had been authorized in the Auditorium Maximum for the night of the day Rudi Dutschke was shot down. It was this rally that the student tacticians converted into the present permanent session. When Rector Weichselberger ordered them to vacate the hall the following day, they paid no attention. Leftist professors argued that the way to handle unruly students was to kill them with kindness, and the rector went along with their advice. No student has been expelled, no arsonist has been arrested, and no policeman has been allowed to enter the academic precincts.

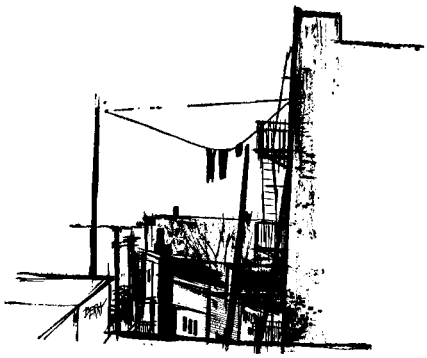
THE THREE western occupying powers, who have ultimate sovereignty in this city, act as if they were ostriches stationed on the moon. How long can this bizarre confrontation exist on the barricades of frazzled nerves and pent-up emotions? One gets the impression that both sides—student functionaries and the political authorities—are playing desperately for time.

The tactical problem for the radicals is to keep the emotion of solidarity and mayhem at white heat. They are waiting until the main body of students arrive back in town from vacation in late April. They have planned a spectacular for May Day. To bridge the time gap, they need a new bloody incident, and are not above plotting it. This would tie in with Rudi Dutschke's dubious thesis that students never resort to violence, only to counterviolence. It all sounds fine in SDS headquarters, but it is not what two million Berliners have seen in their streets. The students have proclaimed open season on the police, not vice versa as the softheaded would have it. Thus Berlin appears heading for a tumultuous May 1.

On the East German side of the Wall, Walter Ulbricht's dragooned factory battle groups will be parading under a sea of red flags. In West Berlin, the free trade unions, 400,000 strong, will make their annual march to the Brandenburg Gate and the Reichstag. Almost certainly student battalions, with their photo signs of Lenin, Rosa Luxemburg, Ho Chi Minh, and Che Guevara, will attempt to join and disrupt this march. It is part of the grand strategy, as proclaimed in the Auditorium Maximum—"to reach and educate the working stiffs"—and then may come Berlin's moment of truth. The free workers of the city, along with the general population, have had a bellyful of the students.

The workingmen realize that the security of their jobs and the future of their city are at stake. The average Berliner is totally immune to jejune claptrap and fuzzy ideology. Despite their leaders' deep distrust, even loathing, of street fighting with its tragic memories, the rank and file are in an angry mood. If provoked, they are ready to give the arrogant students just what Paddy gave the drum.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fear and Force in Chicago

JERRY LIPSON

CHICAGO

No one can say that the riots here, which took nine lives and caused an estimated $9 million in damage in an outburst of violence sparked by the murder of Martin Luther King, caught the city unprepared. Planning had begun last year for measures to deal with trouble expected during the Democratic convention this August. Nevertheless, the quick and restrained application of force, while it doubtless limited the rioting, did little to allay white fears. Democratic Mayor Richard J. Daley has made it clear that the city would take stronger measures if violence were to threaten again.

Before the recent riots, Mayor Daley had announced a multimillion-dollar package of programs to prevent an explosion this summer. Essentially, it was a formula calling for more of what has been tried in the past. Because Chicago's three-day riot of 1966 was touched off by a dispute over a fire hydrant used by ghetto kids as a substitute swimming pool, the city built a few new pools in the slums. This summer, Daley said, there will be thirty-two additional pools, as well as a "massive" program co-ordinated by forty agencies to provide athletic activities for seventy thousand young people, and twenty thousand new jobs in private industry for school dropouts. "We will have the finest summer in the history of Chicago," Daley said as he unveiled his "new" program in mid-March.

Despite his public optimism, Daley may have revealed his private fears as early as January, when he called for a stop-and-frisk law after Alderman Leon M. Despres was shot in the leg by a pair of youthful Negroes. "We cannot have rule by firearms—gun law—in our streets," Daley said, and announced that he was ready to add another five thousand men to Chicago's eleven-thousand-man police force.

Despres himself, a thirteen-year veteran of the City Council and an independent Democrat who has been a thorn in the mayor's side for most of that time, called Daley's stop-and-frisk law "atrocious legislation." He warned that the program Daley offered "sounds just great, but it won't do the job." Private industry, he added, "doesn't want the hard-core unemployables, and that's what you're talking about here." He also remarked: "One part of the program in excellent shape is the plan for control of disorder. That is one preparation that is solid, sophisticated, and thorough."

The handling of the riots that came sooner than expected has borne him out. Shortly after word of Dr. King's death, Police Superintendent James B. Conlisk, Jr., canceled leaves and days off for police. Three hours after window smashing and looting began on the West Side, the Illinois National Guard was called out. And twelve hours after the first reports of violence, three thousand Guardsmen, many of them veterans of the 1966 riots, were patrolling the streets. The following day, even though reports of disorders had tapered off considerably, Federal troops were called in. Later it was learned that Lieutenant General George R. Mather, who headed the five thousand regulars flown in, had visited Chicago three weeks earlier to discuss anti-riot tactics with National Guard officers.

Premature Congratulations

A few months ago, Chicago officials had been congratulating each other on escaping the riots that laid waste large sections of Newark and Detroit last summer. But much that had happened—or failed to happen—in more recent months had made the prospects for this summer more worrisome.

A year ago, the focus in Chicago was on housing. A newly formed civic group backed by the city's main constituencies, the Leadership Council for Metropolitan Open Communities, was attempting to set in motion an unprecedented agreement between the city and a coalition of civil-rights groups led by Dr. King to eliminate segregated housing. The agreement had followed a series of turbulent marches through white neighborhoods to dramatize Dr. King's contention that Chicago Negroes were not free to live wherever they could afford to, and that a massive commitment was needed to overcome racial barriers. The agreement called for the city's political, business, labor, and religious groups to help create a free housing market throughout the metropolitan area. Daley promised strict enforcement of the city's 1963 law against housing discrimination by real-estate brokers.

Today, Negroes are living in some neighborhoods and suburbs where none lived before 1966 and a number of suburbs have fair-housing ordinances, but there has been little significant change. Of 150 complaints of discrimination on the part of real-estate dealers filed in 1967 with the Chicago Commission on Human Relations, the group responsible for enforcing the fair-housing law, only three have brought action by the mayor which may result in suspensions.

Weeks before Dr. King's murder, an outpouring of hate was loosed by a modest proposal by Chicago School Superintendent James F. Redmond to bus 573 middle-class Negro pupils from a nineteen-block

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

area to eight all-white schools on the Northwest Side, not far from where Dr. King had led his marches through a shower of bricks and stones in the summer of 1966. Residents of the neighborhood, led by Representative Roman C. Pucinski (D., Illinois), accused Redmond of preparing to junk the city's traditional "neighborhood school" concept, and even of being a Communist.

The uproar was so loud that the Board of Education decided against approving Redmond's proposal until a series of public hearings was held in the receiving areas. After weeks of bitter harangue, it allowed a truncated program involving only children whose parents have volunteered to send them to the new schools. About five hundred Negro pupils have ventured forth so far from a thirty-one-block area serving two West Side schools.

Meanwhile, the Republican sheriff of Cook County, Joseph I. Woods, raised the spectre of vigilantism by announcing a plan to form a thousand-man volunteer posse to back up his regular force of 250 police in case of riots. Though the plan was denounced by every sector of the mass media and by politicians of all persuasion, Woods went ahead. He had gathered in about three hundred volunteers, all willing to provide their own weapons and serve without pay in the interests of "law and order," when a Circuit Court judge called a halt by ruling that Woods was exceeding his authority.

At about the same time, a group of Negro lawyers was arguing that Chicago's relative calm last summer was due less to job and training programs than to a police policy of making mass arrests at the first threat of trouble and holding those in custody on excessive bonds. At least two hundred Negroes were arrested in incidents during the summer of 1967 under a "mob action" statute passed in 1965 by the General Assembly. The statute, which permitted police to make arrests if they considered that two or more persons on the street might be up to mischief, was struck down in March by a three-judge panel in U. S. District Court. But it left bitter memories of unfair arrests and exorbitant bonds.

The Federal court action proceeded against the backdrop of a January ruling by the Illinois Supreme Court upholding the arrest and conviction of Negro comedian Dick Gregory for disorderly conduct during a march held in June, 1965, around Mayor Daley's house. Gregory and thirty-nine of his followers were arrested after they refused to comply with repeated requests to leave what police feared a large and hostile crowd of whites would turn into a scene of violence.

Charles Quick, a Negro law professor at the University of Illinois, criticized the ruling as an "indication that even the highest court in the state may be wholly unresponsive to the problems of peaceful demonstration. . . . The lawbreakers were not Gregory, but the people throwing the rocks and eggs."

In the eyes of many Negroes, these events merely affirmed what the Black Nationalists have been saying all along—that crime counts only when it is black against white. The Nationalists were quick to point out that a seventeen-year-old youth accused of wounding Councilman Despres was held under a $20,000 bond, while bail for a Negro doctor accused of murdering his wife was set at only $5,000.

Four Negroes accused of setting fire to four buildings during the April riots were held under $120,000 bond each. When the Negro Cook County Bar Association charged a "deplorable breakdown of judicial processes" and the setting of "grossly excessive" bonds for many of the nearly three thousand Negroes arrested, Chicago courts worked all day Easter Sunday to reduce bonds. The four accused of arson were not among the some two hundred who had their bond reduced.

The Trouble Spot

The rioting started, and the worst damage was experienced, in the adjoining neighborhoods of North Lawndale and East Garfield Park on the West Side, which together make up the most impoverished area of the city. Once thriving communities of Italians, Irish, and Jews, they are now the main gateway for Negroes migrating from the South.

Infant mortality in North Lawndale, which was hit hard during the riots of 1966, is 47.2 per thousand—worse even than Mississippi. Twenty-six per cent of the residents are on relief, compared to seven per cent for the entire city. The picture is about the same for East Garfield Park. There are buildings marked for demolition throughout the area and rubble-filled lots in nearly every block. Absentee white politicians control the West Side. Only two Negroes are among its sixteen state legislators. There are no permanent visible channels through which the approximately 200,000 West Side ghetto residents can vent their grievances peacefully, yet forcefully enough to make the Daley administration pay attention.

The city has wasted no time moving in on the riot-torn areas. Even as bulldozers began removing the smoldering rubble, city officials were announcing an $18-million crash program for a thousand new low-cost housing units on the West Side. Quick formulation of plans to redevelop the ravaged business districts, where 530 stores were burned out or looted, also was promised.

Kale Williams, executive secretary of the American Friends Service Committee in Chicago and one of Dr. King's chief lieutenants when he was here, warned, however, that "If the city follows the old pattern of dividing up the work among its friends, then they are just asking for more trouble." He said City Hall must bring in the neighborhood organizations, which have thus far largely been ignored, to play a role if the rebuilding is to have any meaning on the West Side. It can't, he said, be another case of the city announcing what it plans to "do for the Negro."

The city has given some signs that it has gotten this message. For the first time, city planning and housing agencies have invited local organizations to discuss building plans and propose names of contractors to undertake the work. It is assumed that some will be Negro. Still, the record of Chicago's reactions to the needs of its one million Negro inhabitants indicates that merely treating the symptoms while groping for a cure is of little value.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Live in a Lane...

FRANK McCOURT

It is a great misfortune in Limerick, or anywhere else, to be born in a lane or to live in one. The lane is just above the Poor House in the scheme of things; it is lowest of all in the hierarchy of addresses.

If you live in a lane
you are poor
you have a flat accent
you wipe your nose on your sleeve
your mother throws the slops out the front door into the gutter
your father gets drunk every Friday or Saturday night or both
you'll leave school when you're fourteen and become some kind of messenger boy or scullion
you have one shirt without a back if you're a boy
you have one skirt and a blouse if you're a girl
and
you'll be off to England any day now
with
the help of God and His Blessed Mother.

If you don't want people to know you live in a lane you will call it a "place." This means
you are still poor
you wipe your nose with a rag
your mother throws the slops out the back door instead of the front
you have a shirt with a back to it
and
you might be going to America instead of England
because
your mother has a cousin in New York.

When you apply for your first job at fourteen, there is no use trying to tell people you live on a street or a road. The mark of the lane is on you for generations. Only people from lanes allow their children to work at fourteen. Decent people wait till they're fifteen.

Stand here at the top of the lane now and look down. 'Tis narrow, isn't it? You can see, first, the row of seven small houses on each side and then the three big ones, two-storied, gaunt, falling down. The whole lane is falling down but big houses age faster. Twenty houses we have in all, but don't ask me how many people live in them. I've lost count.

Look at the small houses. Their fronts are like mouthless faces, the doors squat square noses; the little windows are eyes, the rain chute at the edge of the roof hangs down like a long black eyebrow.

If you stand there in the lane with your arms extended, you can almost touch the houses on either side.

But be careful when you walk. That gutter down the middle of the lane carries the slops of twenty houses. You can't know when a door will open and a bucketful of greasy soapy water will come flying out. No, the women don't bother to come out. It's just as easy to let it go from inside the door.

Now if you walk down to the end of the lane, you'll come to an open space in front of the stable where Mr. Gabbett keeps the two great Flemish horses that draw the floats for Gabbett's coal yard. On your right there, that little shed the size of a sentry box, that little hut that leans against the ash tree, is the lavatory. No, not for that house. For six houses. For the six big houses. They all use that lavatory. I don't know why the small houses have lavatories of their own and the big houses have to share one, but who are we to question the great people who plan things and build things?

One thing the people in the lane wonder about is: Does the ash tree hold up the lavatory or does the lavatory hold up the ash tree? Pa Keating in No. 14 says the lavatory needs the ash tree for support and the ash tree needs the lavatory for nourishment.

THE RENT MAN

Monday was a quiet day in the lane. It was rent day. Children were told to go far away to play, to other lanes, or else to come inside and play in whispers. Doors were closed, and the few families that had curtains drew them. The rest used newspapers.

Mr. Gould, the rent man, shuffled into the lane, notebook in left hand held against chest, fountain pen poised in right. From under the bowler hat, red rat eyes looked for life in the silent lane. Flicker, flicker went the eyes. Mr. Gould wore a wing collar, stiff and yellow, and a blue-and-white striped shirt. His tie was gray or white or both; it was hard to say. It might have been green once. His suit too might have been brown in olden times. Now it was nondescript with a stripe. Waistcoat and trousers could not meet because of the stomach that went before him like a complaint.

"Rent, please," he squeaked. "Rent, please." With his umbrella

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he poked at all the doors. "I know ye're there. I know ye're there. Oh, the perfidy, oh, the perfidy." He glared at the doors, his chin sunk against his neck. He poked, he jabbed, but collected only from the rich ones with pensions like Nellie Collins.

"I'll have to put ye out. That's what I'll have to do. I'll have to put ye out. Pay yeer rent an' give every man his due."

Then he shuffled away, back up the lane, still squeaking dolefully, "Rent, please," as if practicing for the next lane.

But one week he shocked everyone. It was a Wednesday. The children were playing happily in the muck of the gutter, women sat outside talking of this and that, men sat inside looking at the paper or the wall, and who should come shuffling and squeaking around the corner but Mr. Gould. Down the lane he came behind the arrogant little paunch, rat's eyes aflicker, squeaking shrilly, "Rent, please, Rent, please. I have ye, I have ye red-handed. Eh? Eh?" The terror if it!

"Oh, me side," gasped Mrs. Kenihan.

"Oh, me heart," gasped Mrs. Egan.

"Oh, he took me breath," said Mrs. McCourt.

Mr. Gould held his fountain pen like a dart. He peered at the women. "Eh, there you are, Mrs. McCourt. Eh, no rent? Nine weeks of it, Mrs. McCourt." The little eyes flickered with delight. The ferret had the rabbit. The voice was a menace, a hiss. "I'll be puttin' ye out, Mrs. McCourt, Evictin', that's what I'll be doin' with ye. Ye'll be on the side of the road. The side of the road with the tinkers, the gypsies."

THE WOMEN said they didn't have the rent. The men had no work and Thursday was the day for the dole. They'd have the rent on Thursday.

"I'll be back," he squealed. "I'll be back tomorrow. I have me job to keep too. They're not goin' to put up with it below in the office. Oh, no. I'll be back tomorrow. Oh, the perfidy. The perfidy of it."

He went from house to house. Some women who didn't know he was in the lane nearly collapsed when they opened their doors and saw him. He collected nothing. "Be Christ," said Mrs. Lyons, who feared no one and had a terrible tongue, "if I don't have it for you of a Monday, I'm bloody well not goin' to have it for you of a Wednesday when we're scratchin' our bellies from the hunger. Go 'way ower that before I give you a good fong in the arse for yourself." Mr. Gould drew another nought in his little rent book, and squeaked something about the perfidy of it. Frightened by Mrs. Lyons and discouraged by his failure to collect any money at all, he turned to shuffle back up the lane. It was then he met his Waterloo.

Josie Madden never gave anyone a bit of trouble. She cleaned her house morning, noon, and night. She paid her rent every Monday and had a great devotion to St. Anne,

the mother of the Blessed Virgin. She often said she felt sorry for poor Mr. Gould, he had such a hard job of it trying to collect money where there wasn't any. Her pity for him was not shared. On this Wednesday, while Mr. Gould tormented the laners for their rent, Josie was scrubbing her kitchen. Just as Mr. Gould passed her door, Josie emptied her bucket into the gutter. Out the door she flung her slops, yowling "gardyloo!" She always yelled like that for some reason but it was too late for Mr. Gould. He was drenched. The water dripped from his bowler hat, the little rent book was sodden. Still the fountain pen was poised, but silent was the squeak.

"Jesus," said Josie, and slammed the door.

Mr. Gould, dull of eye and meek of paunch, shuffled away. He never came to the lane again on a day that wasn't a Monday.

THE INSURANCE MAN

"Insurance is a lovely thing to have," said the women in the lane. If you had insurance you were sure of a funeral with the bit of dignity and decency and you could hold your head up knowing you were under obligation to no one.

"'Tis very important to hould your head up under the ground," said my Uncle Pa, "an' next to being under the ground, the worst thing is to be under an obligation. Funerals, my arse. Ye don't have a copper to fart on an' ye're worryin' about graves an' coffins."

You couldn't pay much attention to Uncle Pa; it was well known he'd make a joke of anything. He laughed out loud when my grandmother said, "I'd die of the shame if I died without insurance."

Like most families in the lane, we had insurance once. After losing her twin boys, Mam wanted to be on the safe side. She could afford the weekly sixpence when my father worked as a watchman over in Lady's Lane. When he was laid off because he was found taken with drink, there was no money for insurance. Empty young bellies care nothing for graves.

Mr. Gould, the rent man, was feared in the lane. He could threaten, he could evict, he could have you put on the side of the road. But the fear of him was nothing to the fear of Mr. Higgins, the insurance man.

Thursdays brought Mr. Higgins to the lane. Thursdays meant that families on the dole had a little money and Mr. Higgins knew it. He came always at the same time and, like Mr. Gould, to closed doors and silenced children. But where Mr. Gould shuffled, Mr. Higgins strode. Where Mr. Gould squeaked, Mr. Higgins shouted. Mr. Higgins was tall, gaunt, and fierce of eye. Some women in the lane so feared him they denied themselves just to be able to pay him. They had given up sugar, cigarettes, going to the pictures.

"He's worse than Lent," they complained. "You have to give up the few bits o' comfort whether you like it or not."

Up and down the lane marched Mr. Higgins, now on this side of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the gutter, now on that, rapping on unresponsive doors with the great knob of his walking stick. "Insurance!" he yelled. "In-bloody-surance. A bargain is a bargain. Ye signed, so ye did."

The lane sat silent against him. He shouted more and waved the stick around his head. "Insurance, in-bloody-surance! The grave gapes before ye."

MAM gasped. She had called us into the back room upstairs to avoid the terrible man. She had barely enough money for bread and here he was rapping on the door trying to take it from her.

"I know you're in there, Mrs. McCourt. I know bloody well you're in there."

Mam whispered to me, "Go to the windy an' tell him I'm out."

I stuck my head out the window. "Me mother said she's out."

"Out, is she?" roared Mr. Higgins. "Is that what she says? Out, now are you. Well, 'twill be a sorrowful day when ye dies. That's all I can say. A sorrowful bloody day. What are ye goin' to do without yeer insurance? Ask your mother-that's-out that."

I shook my head. "I dunno, sir."

"Do ye want to be thrun into the bog like oul' dogs an' cats, ah?"

My mother hissed at me from the back room. "What's he sayin'? What's he sayin'?"

Over my shoulder I told her. "He said do we want to be thrun into a bog like dogs an' cats."

Mr. Higgins shouted again. "Or is it in unconsecrated ground ye want to be buried?"

I repeated the question for Mam. She looked worried.

"Or is it thrun in with pauper Protestants ye want to be?"

Mam scurried suddenly to the window. "All right, all right," she called down to her tormentor. "Here, here's sixpence. I'll give you the rest next week."

Mr. Higgins caught the coin. "You won't be sorry. The day you're dead you'll get down on your two knees an' thank God you did this. Whatever else, you'll get a decent an' holy Catholic burial."

And away he marched up the lane, triumphant, walking stick briskly tapping the ground.

Messiaen on Records

ROLAND GELATT

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS Olivier Messiaen has been the *éminence grise* of French music—a figure of import and authority in the musical life of his country. As a theorist and inspirer, Messiaen has an influence beyond dispute. His scores, his books, his precepts and principles have been widely discussed and widely heeded. Yet even in France he can hardly be accounted a concert-hall favorite. He is one of those composers whose music has been more often talked about than performed.

Now, however, there seems to be some evidence that Messiaen's popularity may be catching up with his reputation. On records, at least, a minor Messiaen boom is in the making. New recordings of several of his major works have appeared during recent months, and taken together they provide an opportunity for getting a fresh fix on his talents.

MESSIAEN was born in Avignon sixty years ago. He distinguished himself as a prize-winning student at the Paris Conservatoire, and achieved modest celebrity in prewar Paris as an organist and composer of mildly unconventional church music. Mobilized in 1939, he was captured by the Germans in 1940 and imprisoned in Silesia. His first important work, the *Quartet for the End of Time,* was composed in a Nazi stalag.

On his repatriation in 1942 he was appointed a professor at the Conservatoire and thereafter entered upon the most prolific period of his career. The innovatory aspects of Messiaen's music were by then sharply defined, and these characteristics —notably his use of modal scales, of stylized bird songs, and of complex Hindu rhythms—found expression in a series of ambitious compositions, in a long theoretical treatise, and in his classes at the Conservatoire. During the immediate postwar years those classes became a breeding ground for musical radicalism. Beginning with Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen, almost every one of Europe's avant-garde composers fell under the influence of Messiaen's teaching at one time or another.

The odd thing is that Messiaen's music itself is not particularly radical, at least not on a superficial level. His modal language, his use of bird song, his experimentation with unusual timbres may be exotic, but they are not hard to assimilate. Nor do his unconventional rhythmic structures pose an undue burden on the listener's comprehension. Yet if the music per se seems relatively conservative, the principles underlying it are not. Particularly in his approach to rhythm, Messiaen struck out on a new path. He has been called western music's first great theoretician of rhythm. "We are indebted to him," Boulez affirms, "for having created a conscious technique of duration, based upon his thorough studies of plainchant, Hindu rhythm, and the music of Stravinsky . . . an important contribution, since—aside from the bootless habit of trying to reconstitute Greek meter that crops up now and again—one must go back as far as

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fourteenth century to find a similar concern among Western composers." In addition to his rhythmic insights, Messiaen was an early exponent of the totally organized composition, in which not only pitch but rhythm, intensity, and attack are worked out according to a basic and supposedly unifying ground plan.

THE *Quartet for the End of Time* is scored for violin, clarinet, cello, and piano (the only available instruments in Messiaen's prison camp) and has eight separately titled movements. In many respects the piece comes straight out of the French establishment. Its jaunty fourth movement is indebted to Ravel; the piano arpeggios in the seventh movement could have been written by Reynaldo Hahn; and the twisting incantation for cello and piano in the movement entitled "louange à l'Eternité de Jésus" bears out Romain Rolland's dictum that in every Frenchman there lies a dormant Massenet.

But the work is more interesting for its intimations of the future than for its backward glances. The first movement, which sets a clarinet chirping against wildly complex violin arabesques, already begins to have the sound of electronic music. And in the third movement, a long discourse for solo clarinet entitled "Abîme des oiseaux," the variations of intensity on sustained notes, and the nervous, awkward skips of melody presage the musical world of Xenakis, Penderecki, and other contemporary bellwethers.

From these comments it will be clear that the quartet is somewhat disjointed in style. Nevertheless, it holds the attention and ends by conveying a mood of impressive serenity. Messiaen reminds us that the Apocalypse is not exclusively concerned with cataclysm—"one can find there as well the silences of adoration and marvelous visions of peace," and those visions he projects skillfully in his music. The new stereo recording by a group of French instrumentalists working under the composer's supervision (Music Guild 150) is wholly persuasive.

Three years after the quartet came *Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine* for soprano choir and an accompaniment of strings, piano, the electronic Ondes Martenot, and assorted percussion instruments. The piece, which caused a scandal at its first performance, seems tame today. It is one of those sensuously mystical potions which the French brew so readily, a kind of latter-day counterpart of Debussy's *Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*. Taken in bits and pieces, the *Petites Liturgies* encompass some marvelous moments. The rhythms are fascinatingly inventive and catching, and the instrumentation is always intriguing (especially when the slithery Ondes Martenot is brought into play). But its prevailing note of seraphic sweetness eventually begins to pall, and one ends by wishing the piece were over before it is. An expertly recorded French performance under the direction of Marcel Couraud (Music Guild 142) recently won the Koussevitzky International Recording Award.

The *Turangalila Symphony*, first performed by the Boston Symphony under Leonard Bernstein's direction in 1949, runs for more than an hour, requires a huge complement of instrumentalists, and imposes extraordinary demands on its conductor. As a consequence, the work is seldom played, but *Turangalila* is a stunning piece, and the brand-new recording of it by Seiji Ozawa and the Toronto Symphony (RCA Victor 7051; two discs) may well make the composer's fortunes among the hi-fi generation.

Messiaen describes his symphony as "a song of love, a hymn to joy." It is divided into ten movements, none of which bears the slightest resemblance to traditional sonata form. Four main themes, however, do recur throughout the work, and these serve as beacon lights to guide the listener through a maze of the most luxuriant musical extravagance. Everything about *Turangalila* is lusciously hyperbolic, and even the symphonies of Mahler seem relatively modest in comparison. But with all its excesses, the piece has something original to say. Its themes are of a distinctive and appealing cast, the orchestration never ceases to enthrall the ear, and the rhythms are fascinatingly varied. This may not be the kind of music to bear much repetition, but it certainly packs a wallop, and the new recording (made in the composer's presence last fall) represents the ultimate in brilliant stereo engineering.

In the decade that followed *Turangalila's* premiere performance, Messiaen embarked on a series of compositions based exclusively on bird calls. Only his most fervent admirers regard this period with affection. When he finally disengaged himself, it was with a new orchestral work entitled *Chronochromie,* first heard at Donaueschingen in 1960 and later recorded by Antal Dorati and the BBC Symphony (Angel 36295). Here Messiaen abandoned the strain of seraphic sensuality that had permeated his earlier music. *Chronochromie* is more a working out of a compositional problem than a mystical evocation, and it is perhaps his most difficult piece to date.

SINCE THEN Messiaen has followed a more accessible course. *Couleurs de la Cité Céleste* (1963) and *Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum* (1964)—paired together in a tightly knit interpretation under the baton of Boulez (CBS 10048)—represent at least a partial return to the perfumed mystery of the composer's 1940's style. But unlike his earlier works, these recent pieces are essentially immobile—static and glacial sonic exercises in ever-changing combinations of timbres. Again there is a striking parallel with the aesthetics of electronic music. The pregnant silences, the kaleidoscopic rhythmic permutations, the "unmusical" noises, the sudden transients and long decays—all bespeak the world of electronic manipulation, even though the sounds are created here by live instrumentalists.

Undoubtedly the key to Messiaen lies in this very ambivalence, in the fact that he occupies a kind of halfway house between the old music of the mainstream and the new music of the avant garde. He is a transitional figure who employs a basically conservative idiom to express some radical notions. As such he may not be remembered by posterity for having created any imperishable masterpieces. But for us today Messiaen can serve as a useful musical bridge linking comfortable yesterdays to strange new tomorrows.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lost Sheep Of the House of Israel

GERALD WEALES

It is in the subsurface of the American theatre—the world of foundations and fellowships, of regional and university theatres, of off-off-Broadway productions—that the most intense dramatic activity is taking place these days. Inevitably much of the work is mediocre, flashily commonplace or ponderously chichi, but it is here, where playwrights get a chance to try their voices, that the most interesting new dramatists are likely to be found. Periodically, one of them surfaces into the commercial theatre, as Jean-Claude van Itallie did last season with *America Hurrah*. This season, it is the turn of Israel Horovitz.

The Indian Wants the Bronx, which gives its name to Horovitz's double bill at the new Astor Place Theatre, is a depiction of casual violence as ugly as it is effective. Once one accepts the initial premise, that an East Indian who speaks no English is waiting for a bus that never comes on a street corner with no passers-by, there is an inevitability to the action. It is clear from the moment two young toughs enter, trying to harmonize on a song about needing love but no one caring, that the encounter will be disastrous for the Indian. Even so, there is a comic as well as a menacing pattern to the opening scenes. At first, the games with which they fill the time until the bus comes are private ones—affectionate abuse of one another, of their families, of their social worker who presumably lives nearby. Bored with the too familiar routines, they extend their play area to take in the Indian—initially only an object of curiosity to them. As they do, all comedy drains out of the play. Such a relationship, in which a caress becomes a cuff, would be frightening to any outsider forced suddenly to be a part of it, even one who understood the language. To the Indian, it is the tone of voice, not the words, that conveys either amicability or aggression. Completely disoriented by their apparently inexplicable shifts of attitude, he moves from tentative friendliness to terror. At first only a plaything, he becomes a bone of contention for them, a thing to be tortured so that the dominant one can reassert his control over his weaker, more sensitive (potentially civilized?) friend.

The play ends almost operatically in a scene in which the Indian, against the insistent ringing of the phone in the booth on the corner, shouts his few words of broken English into the severed receiver, as he reaches out toward the audience as if for help. The ending aside, the play is a successful and frightening portrait of two young men, capable of affection and a queer kind of loyalty, gifted with rough humor and a sense of self-mockery, but unable to see another man as anything but an object to be kicked, pushed, cut. The biographical facts with which Horovitz sprinkles the play are almost too pat, case-history explanations that are unnecessary in this context. The action of the play and the impressive performances by Al Pacino and Matthew Cowles establish effectively the asocial, amoral creatures who are the instruments for much of the mindless violence abroad today.

Such violence, unless it touches one personally, is likely to remain confined in the pages of the newspaper or on the screens of the TV news program, an object of curiosity, never quite real. Part of the force of *The Indian Wants the Bronx* is that the beating takes place on stage, in the intimacy of a small theatre, where the nearness of the live actors, winded by their exertions, drums at the audience, insisting that violence is neither fictional nor statistical and definitely not romantic. That certainly is part of Horovitz's intention, for his curtain raiser, *It's Called the Sugar Plum*, is a bizarre little comedy in which the violence—in this case an automobile accident—is well offstage. Although the two characters are intimately involved in the death of a man—one the driver of the car, the other the mourning fiancée—they use the accident as the material for platitudes about art and life and finally as a bridge to a love affair. *Sugar Plum* is not so interesting a play as *Indian*, being both too broad and too repetitious in its presentation of the characters. Still, it does establish—for the audience as well as for the characters—a distant, almost amused attitude toward violence that the second play is designed to shatter.

On the evidence of these two plays, Horovitz is a conventional playwright compared to some of the other graduates of the off-off-Broadway scene—van Itallie, say, or Sam Shepard. He works in tight dramatic scenes in which the confrontation of character and situation dictates the action. The characters are not quite realistic (his hoods are too patterned in their articularity, and the hero of *Sugar Plum* is not so much a Harvard student as a pastiche of campus fashions) and his situations are as unlikely as they are arbitrary. Yet his work is a variation on the realistic line that has always dominated in the American theatre. If *The Indian Wants the Bronx* is a fair sample, he may provide several more interesting stops on that line.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Another Country

GEORGE H. T. KIMBLE

A DIFFERENT KIND OF COUNTRY, by Raymond F. Dasmann. *Macmillan. $5.95.*

One of the things that rather depressed us during our American years was the dearth of geographical sensibility. For all the talk of preserving wildernesses and renewing settled countrysides, of beautifying new suburbs and face-lifting overage cities, there was seldom much appreciation, it seemed, of the diversity and linkage of the parts that made up the whole, or of their causes and consequences. Even among historians, who, one would suppose, needed nobody to instruct them in either the tethering of events to environments or the molding of men by what D. H. Lawrence called "the spirit of place," there were those who wrote as though the entire continent were all of a piece geographically. One of the most widely adopted college textbooks of American history dismisses the geographical factor in the equation of settlement in the following fashion: "Here [in North America] the climate is healthful with a warm summer which permits of fine crops, and a cold winter that stimulates men to activity. Europeans could establish themselves in this area without any painful process of adjustment." We can only assume that the authors have never tried their hand at raising fine crops in Labrador or been through the painful process of staying alive outdoors in a Montana blizzard.

WE THINK we can begin to see how this insensibility came about. The unaccommodating scale of the country almost certainly had something to do with it. At times we are tempted to call it the supernatural scale, since almost everything about natural America, from its mountains and rivers to its droughts and floods, is "super" by the standards of Europe, whence Americans derived their early ideas of what was natural. One of the pleasant things about Europe is that all of its "places" are of a comprehensible, cozy size. The Sussex Weald can be traversed on foot in a couple of days: in clear weather it can be contained by the eye from any vantage point north or south of it. The French *pays*—places *par excellence*—are similarly easy on the eye and foot. But no eye or foot can accommodate the Appalachians or the continental lowlands. It is even difficult to tell where they begin and end, let alone what significance their beginning and ending have for the people living in them.

The "posture" of the country likewise appears to have had something to do with it, for this, too, is unaccommodating—almost hostile, compared with most of Europe. The *pays* of France are for wooing with tenderness and manual skill, while the prairies of Iowa and Kansas are for sod-busting with tractor and steel. The Wealden winter can be cold, but it is never lethal as Montana's can be and, more often than not, it is gone before the ground is hard. The Rhine overflows its banks once in a while, but it produces no disaster areas. D. H. Lawrence may have overstated this hostility, but anybody who has lived in Midland America and seen (as we have) a two-inch shower of rain strip the cover off a newly sown field knows why he could write that "Here in America . . . the very landscape, in its very beauty, seems a bit devilish and grinning, opposed to us." And anybody who has seen this sort of thing happen more than once (as we have) is likely to find himself entertaining a few hostile thoughts of his own. Where there is hostility, of course, there is impairment of perception. Where there is this, it is hard for a man to be sensitive to nuances of landscape form, substance, and texture, not to mention conceding their potency for his well-being.

The "itching heel" syndrome may have had something to do with it also. From the beginning, many Americans were set upon finding "a more goodly country," for Plymouth was no Pisgah and the New England wilderness no Promised Land. Though some stayed where they landed, few developed ties to the earth they landed on. Most of the ties were to people, not places—as their early art and literature proclaim, for good pictures of the colonial landscape are rare. As the mobility of Americans increased with the coming of wagons and turnpikes, so did their pace. Almost everywhere men went, they were faced with an embarrassment of riches; like cattle newly turned into a field of alfalfa, they kept on outrunning each other. After all, perhaps the farthest pas-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tures would be the greenest. Anyway, they seldom had time on their hands. But time is an ingredient of the understanding of the spirit and "flesh" of a place and of the differences between one place and another, no less than soil and scenery, settlement and occupation. Those who run may not read Nature's cipher, which perhaps helps to explain why we have allowed so much of her to be covered up with billboards that even a wayfaring fool can read without erring.

These reflections are prompted by Raymond Dasmann's latest book. Having read *The Destruction of California* with gratitude for the insights an ecologist is able to offer the student of human geography, we opened *A Different Kind of Country* with high hopes—hopes that were strengthened on our being told in the very first paragraph that the book was "a plea for diversity," both natural and man-made. Some of our hopes were fulfilled. Mr. Dasmann continues to manifest a nice concern for words and the attention span of his readers. Scholarly analysis is interwoven with personal reminiscence that is as light as it is illuminating. There is scarcely a page that is dull; there are many that are a delight to both ear and eye, for the illustrations, chosen and in some instances drawn by Mrs. Dasmann, are an outstanding feature of the book. He also continues to get around: California may be his first love, but it is not his last. By now he appears to be as much at home in the eco-systems of Rhodesia, Australia, the Arctic, and Washington, D.C., as in the chaparral, and to be as much in love with them. Professional though he is, the amateur keeps breaking through.

Where Mr. Dasmann disappoints us is in allowing his loves to run away with his judgment. Thus, more than a third of the book is taken up with a single "genus" of natural diversity, namely, wild land. True, such land is important for a number of ecological and other reasons, but not more important from a human standpoint (which is what the author is continually stressing) than the not-so-wild lands that in the United States occupy ninety-eight per cent of the space. Much of this ninety-eight per cent is completely ignored, for a reason that strikes us as most surprising in an ecologist, namely, that it lacks diversity. Thus we are told that in the East of the United States "the natural scenery is much the same from one place to another." If fifteen years' residence in the eastern half of the country impressed one thing upon us more clearly than another, it was the region's extraordinary physical diversity. From the height of land on our small Indiana hill farm we could see three types of natural scenery, each distinctive in its soil, drainage, and vegetation no less than in its topography. From the Palisades of Alpine, New Jersey, we could see parts of no less than six.

Some of Mr. Dasmann's opinions concerning what should be done to keep the world "a fit place for the greatest possible human variety" disappoint us even more. Two must suffice. First, that it will be necessary to build new cities in places like Appalachia and the intermontane region of the West. If there is one place in America where "geography" goes against cities and where history already provides us with more than enough case studies of the folly of going against geography, it is Appalachia. Almost all of its valleys are too narrow for cities. Most of its rivers are either too small to provide an adequate high-quality water supply or are already too polluted. Its corrugated relief impedes circulation—of air no less than of traffic. Much of its scenery has taken such a beating that émigrés from New York might soon decide they liked the view from Central Park better. Similar arguments could be raised against city-building in the Missoula area of Montana, likewise recommended by the author. And judging from a newspaper report we came upon the day we were reading the book, the people of Missoula would not be slow to raise them, for they are already picketing a pulp mill because of the air pollution it is causing.

Second, he believes that the few remaining groups of primitive people in the world should be given the chance to stay primitive, that is, to stay away from trade and aid, radio and television, modern medical care, education, and everything else that threatens their cultural integrity. Desirable as the preservation of the pristine culture of, say, the headhunters of New Guinea would be for the ecological and other insights scientists could glean by studying it, the fact is that nobody can study such people without violating their integrity. One glimpse of the "outside" is enough to plant the infection of an insatiable curiosity in intelligent minds. The argument that by leaving such people alone we might be doing them as well as

Neither Hamlet, Laertes, Ophelia, nor Horatio

I have no words for the dead. They have had their hour,
as I have had mine.
If I failed in our lives to thank them for eyes and for lips
and for arms,
No hour is left to make elegies for betrayed bone.
How calmly they lie in judged silence, the dead,
Whose love has sidled into statements of grass and air!

In this breathing silence, I would shape a breath of air
Until it speaks a name. I will make no toys of the dead,
Carving bright memory onto sculls, scribbling "I love
you" on polished bone.
The grass is matted where I take you in my arms.
The breath that rubs your name across my mouth is mine.

—John Unterecker

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our scientists a service is likewise troublesome. For what it is worth, our experience of African primitives is that they have no objection whatsoever to being "infected." We have yet to go inside the bush or forest hut that did not have some western artifact, or to talk to the hut dweller who was not interested in having more. Mr. Dasmann says that such violation brings only sadness and death. Perhaps, but we were never able to convince any African student that he would have done better to stay in the bush. Most African students, we gathered, had had their fill of sadness and death, and were hoping for better things.

In short, it would look as though the way an ecologist regards the world is not so geographical as we had supposed, for we are much more impressed by its diversity than its uniformity, and less worried about the presumed "trend towards uniformity in environment, people and ways of life over all the earth" than we are by the difficulty of finding common ground among the peoples of the world on which to fashion environments capable of sustaining any way of life for more than another thirty years or so. But even this does not worry us quite as much as it used to, for in the Mediterranean, just as in the Middle West and elsewhere, we keep coming upon people who believe that life does not consist in the abundance of look-alike things a man possesses, let alone in live-alike, think-alike, do-alike eco-systems in which to possess them, but, as an erstwhile Indiana neighbor once put it scripturally, in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly before one's God. That should surely leave plenty of scope for diversity. It might even give us a different kind of country.

The Why of Waugh

SAREL EIMERL

MY BROTHER EVELYN AND OTHER PORTRAITS, by Alec Waugh. *Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $6.95.*

EVELYN WAUGH. PORTRAIT OF A COUNTRY NEIGHBOUR, by Frances Donaldson. *Chilton. $4.00.*

Evelyn Waugh was a baffling figure who seemed to combine in his personality elements that should have been incompatible. These contradictions were reflected in his books. On the one hand, it was hard to resist assuming that he saw himself as one of the poor innocents of his early novels: as Paul Pennyfeather of *Decline and Fall* or Adam Fenwick-Soames of *Vile Bodies*—Candides tortured and wrecked by a cruel and meaningless world. But Basil Seal was so brilliant a portrait that he, the torturer, also carried the stamp of autobiography. There was a contradiction also between the glorious flippancy of the tone and of many of the incidents, and the hopelessness of the conclusions: of Basil Seal eating his girl in a cannibal stew in *Black Mischief* or, in the most famous and terrifying scene Waugh ever wrote, of Tony Last in *A Handful of Dust*, betrayed and abandoned by his wife, doomed to live out his days in a Brazilian jungle, reading Dickens to an illiterate maniac.

THEN came the war and the great switch. The brilliant artist with his marvelous antic imagination and faultless literary taste dwindled into a stuffy and fatuous Blimp, whose absurd pretensions the young Waugh would have delighted to puncture. It is true that even *Decline and Fall*, published when Waugh was twenty-five, contained sneers, such as those directed at the Welsh musicians, which, however funny, indicated that the snobbery was already present, and that the young Waugh was pre-adapted for later ossification. It is true also that even in his latest period, Waugh, almost as if he couldn't avoid it, kept slipping into the kind of wild comedy that made his early novels such a joy. But in both his work and his life, there obviously occurred a change so sharp as to suggest that Waugh had undergone, or inflicted on himself, a violent metamorphosis.

These two memoirs, by his older brother Alec and by a country neighbor, Frances Donaldson, are brief, limited, and unsatisfactory. They are superficial, they make no effort to answer the really interesting questions about their subject, and Mrs. Donaldson's book, considered as a piece of prose, would be flunked if submitted as a high-school essay, or so one hopes. Still, when put together with the rest of the evidence, they do help to provide an explanation of some of the apparent contradictions in Waugh's life and work.

Alec Waugh opens his memoir by saying: "I lack the key to Evelyn. I cannot enter imaginatively into the mind of a person for whom religion is the dominant force in his life...." This strikes me as thoroughly disingenuous, and I suspect that the real explanation why Alec Waugh lacks the key is to be found in the comment he made to his father when Evelyn was born: "Now we'll have a wicket keeper." No doubt in later life Alec Waugh developed more complicated standards, but, judging from this book, he remained always too much the hearty to comprehend his brother's acute sensitivities. However, his essay is well worth reading, if only for its brief account of the collapse of Evelyn's first marriage. After he had achieved his first success, his wife fell in love with a nonentity and left him—which is precisely the story of Tony Last. According to Alec Waugh, the breakup hastened Evelyn's conversion to Catholicism, and he goes on: "It was a blow that left a permanent scar on Evelyn. . . . He had trusted her completely," a line that recalls, probably unconsciously, the heartbreaking line that sums up all the misery and despair of *A Handful of Dust*: "He [Tony] had got into a habit of loving and trusting Brenda."

It seems fair to assume that the betrayal formed a watershed in Evelyn Waugh's life by confirming his worst fears, and that it helped precipitate the change which became apparent after the war, the period when Mrs. Donaldson knew him. Although her book is clearly a memoir of affection, she appears to be telling at least a good portion of the truth. She remarks that Waugh was "the only person I have ever known who seemed sincerely to long

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 190

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

© 1968 by the Reporter Magazine Company

A
123 192 178 98 42 46 190 142 68
Found.

B
8 60 66 72 34 216 110 20 32 114
139 122 24 224 Out of symmetry.

C
96 154 168 16 112 156 A gentle slope.

D
150 30 104 12 176 144 "We shall_____ the uphill by never turning back." Christina Rossetti, "Amor Mundi."

E
106 40 62 147 93 158 198 14 184
18 50 Kind of trails found through difficult terrain (6,5).

F
130 4 58 162 172 A young eel.

G
2 116 48 218 222 28 100 212 "Much of a_____." John Vanbrugh, "The Provok'd Husband."

H
90 206 134 6 84 Very stupid.

I
120 136 196 10 174 "I sometimes dig for buttered rolls, Or set limed twigs for _____." Carroll, "Through the Looking-Glass."

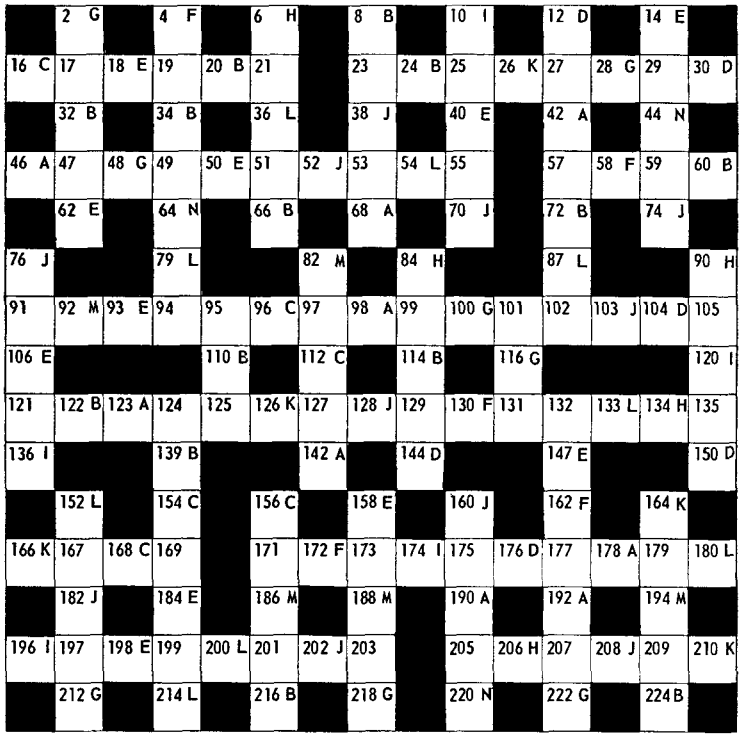
J
182 103 70 52 208 128 38 74 202
160 76 This might be said to be descriptive of a position of the Acrostician (4-7).

K
210 164 166 126 26 Commended extravagantly.

L
87 79 36 152 54 200 133 214 180
Wealthy, such as Morgan, Vanderbilt, etc. (5,4).

M
194 82 186 188 92 "A little touch of_____ in the night." Shakespeare, "King Henry V."

N
64 220 44 Affirmative.



ACROSS

16. A band of men may hoot with a little credit.
23. Instruction to plant fewer of a kind of grape?
46. Love laughs at these tradesmen.
57. It's not odd in the sevenfold anthem.
91. What may be turning in spring—his girl, perhaps? (1,5,4,5).
121. With 196 across, a way of describing the Acrostician (3,12,8).
166. It's true in Paris and Kiev railheads.
171. Instructions to a grouch on how to get over a piece of ground?
196. See 121 across.
205. The herdsman becomes a wanderer when he loses his penny.

DOWN

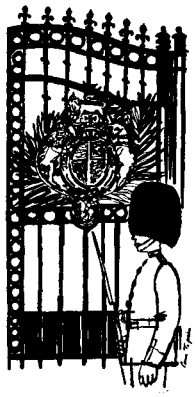
2. Kind of machine to keep in a back room about tea.
4. Fluellen's favorite expression—see? (4,3).
6. The Acrostician may do this.
8. Used to use?
10. Bet as you please on the animal.
12. Part of Canada for a real bat, perhaps.
14. This in the plural may make your 158 down, or your seats.
76. Kind of house in which human or 10 down may be found.
82. Don't take me wrong—it may be a young lady.
84. Kind of remark to make inside when I depart.
90. One thing after another—round it goes.
95. And not found at the end of 76 down.
101. Enjoyment in reef underwater swimming.
124. A topic Li found sagacious.
132. Betrayal for any reason off the tee.
152. What flesh or a widow may be.
156. A bit of a fight.
158. See 14 down.
160. A sea I'd travel apart.
164. Head a hundred, but it was painful.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for death," and that he lived in the country because if he had lived in London he would have been dead, of drink it is implied, before he was fifty. She lays stress on his violent fits of melancholia and his raging and continual boredom. Reading here and there between the lines, it is clear that Waugh was obsessively self-centered, and indifferent to the feelings of others; that when, for example, he did bother to enter a conversation, he invariably dominated it, either with stories or with lectures on arcane subjects which interested him, if not his company. Mrs. Donaldson also mentions that he took heavy doses of drugs to counter his insomnia, and that it was a particularly severe overdose that brought on the fits of paranoiac hallucinations he described in *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold.*

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that when Mrs. Donaldson heard about those hallucinations, her immediate reaction was to assume that Waugh had gone mad. This suggests that she was, if nothing else, not a fool. Her memoirs, however, indicate that she wasn't very bright either. Apart from a few observations of the type I have quoted, which could not have been difficult to make or write down, her memoir is a morass of trivia. It consists primarily of bad anecdotes that come streaming out, almost impossible to follow and remarkably uninteresting, partly because they are in themselves inconsequential and partly because Mrs. Donaldson is unable either to keep to the point or remember what happened. Even allowing for the fact that intelligent people can be bad writers, the triviality of her subject matter suggests either that she and her husband did not know the Waughs as well as she would like us all to believe, or that she is a thoroughly superficial woman; or, as I tend to think, a combination of both.

Why then should Evelyn Waugh, a comic genius, a man who knew many of the most brilliant people in England, have chosen to spend time with such a woman—and her husband, who seems to have been a suitable match? Convenience? Laziness? Possibly. Besides, the Donaldsons were well-bred. They laughed at Waugh's jokes. They could talk about wine, and they possessed evening dress; had they not been sufficiently well-bred to wear it on their visit to dinner, so Mrs. Donaldson thinks, Waugh would not have wanted to see them again. It was, I suspect, their adherence to the correct forms and their lack of sensitivity that combined to make them tolerable to Waugh. For consider. Why would a man who had just been abandoned by his wife hasten to join the Catholic Church? Why would a man as sensitive and intelligent and tasteful as Waugh drench himself in the silliest of English



standards—its snobbery with all its emphasis on good form, and the right regiment, and the right school, and the right clothes? Why would a man choose friends like the Donaldsons? Or stick, in his conversation, to anecdotes, scholarly lectures, or, his favorite form of social interchange, superficial gossip?

THE ANSWER, I suggest, is to be found in an anecdote told by his brother. When Evelyn was very young and threatened with punishment, he would jump into a special chair and shout, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" In his review of *A Handful of Dust,* Edmund Wilson spoke of the impression it gave of "a terror of a feeling that the bottom is just about to drop out of things." Waugh's mental style, and perhaps also the wish to conceal some of his sense of terror, led him to disguise his expression of it under the bright sheen of sophisticated comedy; but, from *Vile Bodies* on, that sense of terror showed through. Basil Seal was the man Waugh would have liked to be, while Candide is how he saw himself. The wildness of his comic imagination, like Thurber's, indicates that Waugh's grip on reality was shaky, and that he was teetering not far from the edge of madness; just as the pace of his early novels indicates the impatience and boredom which Mrs. Donaldson describes and which, when experienced so acutely, is usually a sure indication of despair and anguish.

One way to deal with anguish is to cut oneself off from everything that brings it most vividly to mind, such as sensitive friends, and to find sanctuary in whatever refuges are at hand. In Waugh's case, he turned away from the realities of human society and relationships, and chose the forms instead; whether in the shape of the Catholic Church, an attachment to England's Tory past, or in trivial gossip, and clung to them to keep himself from falling into the abyss. True, this is speculation. But it explains Waugh's curious social behavior in later life, and it also explains the severe decline in the level of his work. The tractarian passages in favor of the Catholic Church and the English nobility in *Brideshead Revisited* and the war trilogy are, when one considers the skill and taste of his early novels, astonishingly trashy. This may be because the standards are themselves trashy or because Waugh's attachment to them was only superficial. For the real trouble in his postwar books, apart from *The Loved One,* which constitutes a special case, is that Waugh, having chosen to conceal his real self from himself, was compelled to conceal it from the reader also. His later books can stand as a perfect demonstration of the old truth that a novelist who is not prepared to reveal himself is left totally dependent on his intellectual talents, and that they are never enough to produce first-rate literature.

WAUGH once put up a notice outside his house: "No Admittance on Business." I am inclined to think that there was no admittance on anything else either, except maybe to his wife and children. And I conclude, sadly, that it is very doubtful whether any reminiscences will be written that will tell us much more about him than can be learned from his own books.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford

Early Jazz

ITS ROOTS AND MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT

By GUNTHER SCHULLER. "It is essential to know this book in order to have an understanding of jazz . . . in playing, writing, teaching, and all peripheral relationships." – JOHN LEWIS, Director of the Modern Jazz Quartet. "A singular book which probably only Gunther Schuller could have written, in its bringing knowing, informed, sophisticated musicianship to illuminate a fascinating mass of music." – MILTON BABBITT, Princeton University. *150 musical examples.* $9.75

The Dynamics of Literary Response

By NORMAN N. HOLLAND. The author presents a disciplined inquiry into the relation of literature to the mind of man, and develops a comprehensive theory of the psychology of literature. "It will come to be recognized as the indispensable reference point for future discussion of the subject it treats." – FREDERICK CREWS, University of California, Berkeley. *Line illustrations.* $8.00

Striking the Stones

By DANIEL HOFFMAN. "His is a poetry of a most civilized mind. . . . from his strong restraints burst dazzling powers." – RICHARD EBERHART. "Hoffman respects the mysteries of experience. . . . The play and playfulness of his poetry are clues to the seriousness of its nature." – SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE, *Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature* $4.50

Woodrow Wilson and World Politics

AMERICA'S RESPONSE TO WAR AND REVOLUTION

By N. GORDON LEVIN, JR. Mr. Levin's original thesis is that America's foreign policy from her entry into World War I to the Paris Peace Conference reflected a conscious effort by Wilson to use America's moral and material power against the imperialism of prewar Europe and the revolutionary socialism of Lenin and Soviet Russia. The argument finds implicit in Wilson's program and goals the terms in which American foreign policy is now being conducted. $7.50

The Subject is Race

TRADITIONAL IDEOLOGIES AND THE TEACHING OF RACE RELATIONS

By PETER I. ROSE. The product of a nation-wide survey, this study examines the teaching of race relations in the United States, from the nineteenth century to the present. The author offers a critique of the content and methodology of present courses, and suggestions for their improvement. "Professor Rose . . . has added an important dimension to research and teaching in America's most critical social problem." – ROBERT A. NISBET, University of California, Riverside $4.95

Population in Perspective

Edited by LOUISE B. YOUNG. "This is an important book, representing the best thinking on the most important of all the problems that face mankind. . . . It is for that reason that a book such as this should be required reading, for it shows that it is not quantity that should characterize the human species but quality." – ASHLEY MONTAGU. "An important contribution to the literature dealing with what is probably the most pressing problem of our time." – JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. *Line illustrations, 12 halftones.* $10.00

Disordered Behavior

BASIC CONCEPTS IN CLINICAL PSYCHIATRY

By ERIC PFEIFFER, M.D. This concise, thoroughly up-to-date guide to the major syndromes of psychic disturbance is written for the intelligent lay reader as well as for students of medicine, psychology, and social work. Viewing man as an organismic whole, it describes the most commonly observed patterns of disordered behavior, psychotic and neurotic, and the most effective treatments for each. $5.75

Critical Essays in Monetary Theory

By SIR JOHN HICKS. The majority of the essays are new – a rethinking of the author's earlier writings. On the whole, they reflect the author's reinterpretations of Keynesian theory. The concluding articles examine contributions made to monetary theory by three eminent scholars: Keynes, Hayek, and Henry Thornton. The volume also includes two of the author's well-known essays on monetary theory. $6.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television. It's turned party politics into participation politics.

The Presidential campaigns, urban ghettos, racial violence, Vietnam—television thrusts people into the midst of what's happening. And their response, in turn, affects the nation's course.

Never has a society been so aware of global events. And never before have so many Americans been prepared to take a stand on national and international issues. In-depth, vivid, on-the-scene television coverage is largely responsible.

Throughout the coming months, television's instant news specials, regularly scheduled news reports and current event analyses will add insight into our primaries, conventions and elections—and significant events occurring throughout the world.

Other May highlights for the selective viewer follow.

Hallelujah, Leslie. Singer Leslie Uggams in a musical special with Robert Morse and Noel Harrison. Wednesday, May 1 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The Admirable Crichton. Hallmark Hall of Fame: Barrie's satire about an English family and their butler. Thursday, May 2 (8:30-10 pm).

We Won't Go. NBC News Special: the young men who refuse to enter military service. Friday, May 3 (10-11 pm).

Discovery. Monsters of the Ocean Deep; The Vanishing Wilderness; The Backyard People and the Big Top Crew; Spanish California. Sundays, May 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

The 21st Century. Atomic Medicine; The Computer Revolution: Part I; The Computer Revolution: Part II; The Four-Day Week. Sundays, May 5, 12, 19, 26 (6:00-6:30 pm).

Ed Sullivan Special. Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Fred Waring, Robert Goulet celebrate Irving Berlin's 80th birthday. Sunday, May 5 (7:30-9 pm).

Somehow It Works. American Profile: a review of U.S. political campaign techniques. Friday, May 10 (10-11 pm).

Secrets. CBS Playhouse: Arthur Hill, Barbara Bel Geddes, Eileen Heckart, Katherine Bard and guest star Barry Nelson in Tad Mosel's original drama. Wednesday, May 15 (9:30-11 pm).

Man, Beast and the Land. A tour of the Serengeti Plains of Africa. Thursday, May 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Robert Scott and the Race to the South Pole. Saga of Western Man: the expedition from Cape Evans to the Pole. Friday, May 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

In the Name of God. Saga of Western Man: missionary life in the Micronesian Trust Territory and India. Monday, May 20 (10-11 pm).

Sharks. The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau: the life patterns of the shark. Wednesday, May 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Big Little World of Roman Vishniac. Study of the scientist-photographer of microscopic life. Friday, May 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A New Era in Medicine. Tomorrow's World: a study of advances in the war against disease. Friday, May 24 (10-11 pm).

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein. Quiz Concert: How Musical Are You? Sunday, May 26 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Candidate. CBS Reports: the problems of campaigning for political office, focusing on one local candidate. Tuesday, May 28 (10-11 pm).

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/Summer Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ ABC's Wide World of Sports/ Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/ Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/ Animal Secrets/The War This Week/ Frank McGee Sunday Report/ G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/ Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED